THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

We congratulate the University of Cambridge upon its wisely conservative action regarding the proposed admission of women to candidacy for its degrees.

❀

Reminiscence of the Brunetière Lectures.—*Lady* (*reading her lecture-card just before the lecturer enters*). Well, that's queer! *Roman.* Roman what? Why doesn't it tell us? Is it Roman History or Roman Literature? Literature, I suppose. (*Her neighbour explains.*) Oh, yes, of course! *Her Neighbour* (*after the lecture has begun*). Wouldn't you like to sit nearer the front of the box, so that you can hear him better? *The Lady.* Oh, *dear* no! Thanks very much, but I'm so perfectly familiar with French that I can understand every word right where I am!

❀

Messrs. Meyer Brothers of this city have just published a volume of selections from Marcel Prévost's *Lettres de Femmes* and *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes*, translated by Mr. Arthur Hornblow. M. Prévost has just finished a third volume entitled *Dernières Lettres de Femmes.* They will be copyrighted in England and in this country.

❀

A French version of Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* is in preparation. It will be published by *Le Mercure de France.*

❀

The English serial story which commences in the June number of *Cosmopolis* is by Mr. Joseph Conrad, the author of *Almayer's Folly* and *An Outcast of the Islands.* It is entitled *An Outpost of Civilisation.*

❀

We should like to ask why *Cosmopolis*, which professes to be an international magazine in the widest sense of the word, has never yet published a line by an American writer, and does not mention the name of any such in its announcements for the future? It should get a new title more truly descriptive of its editorial attitude. How would *The Parish* do?

❀

Among forthcoming volumes the *Educator* announces *The Choir Divisible* (*sic*), by James Lane Allen.

❀

Headlines from the literary column of a Kentucky newspaper:

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The Author of "Quo Vadis," "Spring-Time Prose" and "Stories of the West."

❀

We hear that Mr. Anthony Hope's successful novel, *Phroso*, is to be dramatised by Mr. Edward Rose in collaboration with Mr. H. V. Esmond, and that Mr. Charles Frohman has already acquired an interest in the play which these two dramatists are to produce.

❀

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, *The Swallow*, will be published in this country and in England by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, subsequent to serial publication on both sides of the Atlantic and in the colonies.

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Drawn by S. H. Sime.

In order to explain the significance of the accompanying clever drawing, which we reproduce from the *Sketch*, to those of our readers who have not yet been captivated by Marie Corelli, we would say that Ziska, the heroine of Miss Corelli's new book, is the reincarnation of a dancing-girl of ancient Egypt, while the hero is a cynical Parisian artist named Gervase, who also turns out to be a reincarnation of a warrior of old time, Araxes by name. When we say that these two had been lovers in their former state, it can be seen at a glance that the situation conjured up by the author leads to some harrowing *contretemps*. By the way, does Miss Corelli intend to define the class that forms the majority of her readers when at a certain stage of this book she considers it necessary to explain certain topographical details "for the benefit of those among the untravelled English who have not yet broken a soda-water bottle against the Sphinx, or eaten sandwiches to the immortal memory of Cheops"? Rather an abrupt and severe way of sizing up one's public, surely!

We wish that people who send us books for review or manuscripts for publication would stop sending at the same time printed or typewritten copies of commendatory remarks made about their work by reviewers and other literary authorities. In the first place, we never read any of these, and if we did they wouldn't have any weight. We like to form our own opinions for ourselves, and not to get them second-hand. Furthermore, when we find so much unanimity of opinion as to the transcendent merits of a book, we feel that there can't possibly be anything left for us to say on that head, and so we are obliged, as a matter of conscience, to find all the fault we can, and show up the other side. As a matter of fact, any one, apparently, can get any sort of an opinion from eminent writers if he will only bore them long enough to make them reckless. There was a book of verses that came to us last Christmas, the sort of verses that our office-boy could write by the mile if he wasn't afraid of losing his place; and in it came a printed slip with remarks more or less eulogistic from seven of the most eminent authors in this country. We should like to have these gentlemen obliged to write a formal and critical explanation of just why they found this verse so fine.

❀

A personal letter from London notes that during the past month the number of books taken out from Mudie's is the smallest ever known for any similar period in the history of this famous library. Cause—the Jubilee.

❀

The address which the Hon. John Hay delivered at the unveiling of the Memorial Bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, on May 21st, will be published in a few days by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Hay justified his presence in connection with a ceremony in which Scot-

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land is so much interested on the ground that he was for the time being the representative of a part of Sir Walter Scott's immense constituency. His father had told him that when Sir Walter was at the height of his fame men in the backwoods of Kentucky used to ride many miles to the nearest post-town in order to get the latest novel by the author of *Waverley*. Mr. Hay told of the delight with which the inhabitants of the young country read tales of romantic castles. His remark recalls Mr. Ruskin's jocose declaration that he could not endure to live in a country where there were no castles. Notwithstanding Sir Walter Scott's undoubted mental powers, Mr. Hay thought that his moral influence was still greater, for his ideals were lofty and pure.

❀

In an address on "The Art of Being Human," recently delivered before Miss Hersey's school in Boston by Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University, some sound doctrine about literature was propounded from this text taken from Bagehot: "The rarest sort of a book is a book to read, and the knack in style is to write like a human being." Professor Wilson has made this doctrine peculiarly his own, enforcing it with geniality and apt illustration. He is one of the few men who are doing an invaluable service toward a proper understanding of the true function of literature at a time when the philologians and other literary anatomists are treating the work of the masters as mere raw material for their investigations. We learn that this interesting address will be published at an early date in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

❀

We understand that Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has been discouraged by the persistent misconception of many readers and critics, intends to abandon the problems raised in his later novels, and to revert to his earlier manner. His new work is now nearly completed, but it will not be published for some time.

❀

Mrs. Patmore, the widow of Coventry Patmore, had requested Mr. F. G. Stephens to write his biography, but it has been arranged that Mrs. Patmore shall herself write the book, with the co-operation of Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. Champneys.

❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just completed the manuscript of a new short story dealing with Indian life, entitled "The Tomb of His Ancestors." The story will, we hear, first see the light in this country in the Christmas number of *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Kipling has also recently completed the manuscript of a new poem, entitled "The Feet of the Young Men."

❀

Mr. Richard le Gallienne will publish in the autumn a volume of poems entitled *London's Love*. Mr. Le Gallienne's next work in prose will be another book of a fanciful type, bearing the title *The Worshipper of the Image*. His rendering of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Kháyyám, which was announced by us to appear in the *Cosmopolitan* for June, was withheld at the last moment, but it is expected that it will be printed in the current number of that magazine.

❀

Under the list of the six best selling books of the month at Los Angeles, Cal., published in our May issue, there was an interesting footnote stating that within two months nearly two hundred copies of the *Rubaiyat* had been sold at one store. This was caused principally by a special window display in one of the book-shops of the town of various editions ranging from 25 cents to $25.00, and, needless to add, most of the sales were of the cheaper editions. We have since received a copy of the twenty five-cent edition, which is published by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company of San Francisco. The translation is that of Fitz-Gerald's fourth edition, and there is also his life of Omar and an appendix of notes. It is very tastefully printed and bound in pamphlet form; and fine paper and clear type are used. The same firm promises a successor for 1898 to Mr. Swinnerton's Bear Calendar, which has attracted a good deal of attention and which we noticed in these columns at the beginning of the year.

❀

On another page of this number there

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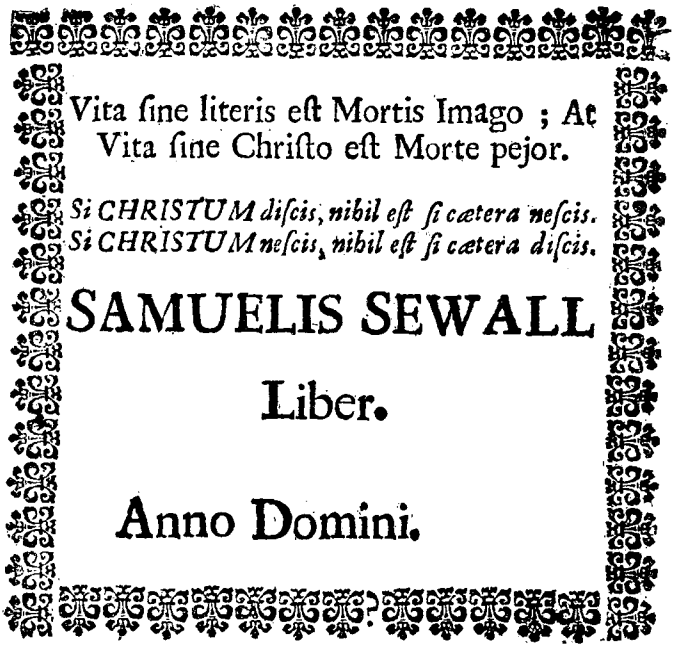
appears a review of a new book about Judge Samuel Sewall, the "New England Pepys," which Mrs. Alice Morse Earle describes in a personal letter as "truly the best picture of Puritan life of that day that has yet been written." In an old volume long unnoticed in a private library in Rhode Island, Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, our esteemed contributor, has recently come upon the



BOOK-PLATE OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

book-plate which is herewith reproduced. The book which contains it has been identified as undoubtedly the property at one time of Judge Sewall. It is a collection of sermons and discourses in English and Latin, and is marked with marginal notes in a handwriting identical with that of Sewall in the original copy of his diary preserved in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston, and at the conclusion of four sermons, all of them long, "An Holy Panegyrick," "Repentance not to be Repented Of," "The Faithful Subject," "Jacob's Well," the date, August 27th, 1703, is inscribed in Sewall's hand. The curious may try to discover whether this was a Sunday, and if so decide whether the sermons were a substitute for the usual exercises of the day, or an afternoon recreation.

We understand that, at the request of the relatives and friends of the late Professor Henry Drummond, his biography has been undertaken by Professor George Adam Smith. Any persons having letters of Professor Drummond or other matters of interest connected with his work are invited to send the same either to Professor Smith, 22 Sardinia Terrace, Glasgow; to Mr. James W. Drummond, Stirling, Scotland; or to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, London, England. In all cases letters forwarded to them for perusal will be returned. Professor Smith will not be able to begin work sooner than October of this year.

❀

A feature of Professor Drummond's character, which has been missed by many who have given an estimate of the man, was his humour. There was a stately gravity about him which kept outsiders from seeing the playful side of his nature, yet he was fond of little practical jokes, and could hoax his friends to perfection. An old student friend of his relates that the last time he saw him was at a dinner to which they had been invited to meet a London celebrity who was to address a meeting afterward. Drummond came over to his friend and whispered, "Do you want to go to this meeting?" He shook his head a little sadly, feeling that there was no help for it, and then said with a touch of mischief in his eye, "We'll run." They took an early opportunity, when everybody was attending to the celebrity, to slip out, and went along to Drummond's house with the glee of two schoolboys playing truant. Drummond enjoyed the escape hugely, and chuckled with glee over the joke they had played on the celebrated man. They had got his honey, he said, without his sting.

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The handsome edition of the works of Francis Parkman, which we announced some months ago as in preparation by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, is about ready for publication. There will be two editions: a superb *édition de luxe*, limited to 308 numbered sets, with an introduction especially prepared for this edition by the eminent historian, Dr. John Fiske. This set will consist of 20 volumes, octavo, and will contain 120 photogravure plates and 4 water-colour fac-similes by Goupil of Paris, and in addition there will be 20 maps and plates printed on Japan paper. The Champlain edition of Parkman will also contain 120 photogravure illustrations, and be published in 20 volumes, consisting of 1225 numbered sets. The price of the *édition de luxe* is $10.00 a volume; that of the Champlain edition $3.50. Both editions will be issued by subscription only. The portraits of Parkman which we publish in this number in connection with our "American Bookmen" article on "The Historians, especially Prescott and Parkman," are reproduced from the originals to be used in the new edition of Parkman's works, by permission of the publishers.

❀

We learn from the London *Academy* that *Esther Waters* has recently found an enthusiastic advocate in Tolstoy, who is presenting copies of the novel to his friends, and has written to Mr. George Moore congratulating him on the work. The same number of the *Academy* furnishes us with a new story of De Quincy, which it gleans from the *Scots Pictorial*, a new illustrated paper devoted to the exploitation of Caledonia. In 1851 De Quincy, then living at Lasswade, had to fill up a census paper. It puzzled him considerably. After much thought he entered his occupation as "writer to the magazines," and then his troubles began again over the occupation of his three daughters. After another period of thought he put a ring around their names and wrote: "These are like the lilies of the field; they toil not neither do they spin."

❀

The London *Globe* commenting upon Mr. George Moore's recent article on Stevenson, which has given high offence to Stevenson lovers, says that one of these persons in offering severe criticism of Mr. George Moore's standard, finished his strictures by remarking, "But, after all, I have no right to talk about Mr. Moore, for I have not read anything he has written, not even his *Lalla Rookh!*" Mr. George Moore, in his article on Stevenson, incidentally makes the admission that he cannot say anything about Montaigne because he has never read him; and Mr. Edmund Gosse, after writing at some length on the popular Polish novelist, Sienkiewicz, winds up by admitting that he has not yet read *Quo Vadis*.

❀

The New York *Life* announces that Ian Maclaren's writings are being translated into English! In juxtaposition to this we learn that an enterprising Glasgow firm of publishers are about to publish a Scottish version of the *Song of Solomon*. The following verses quoted from a specimen sheet afford an example of the work:

"6. Set me as the seal upo' thine hairt, as the seal upo' thy airm; for luv' is strang as deith; jealousy as cruel as the grave: the coals thereo' are coals o' fire bleezin' wi' a maist awfu' lowe.

"7. Mony waters canna slocken luv', neither can the spates droon it; gin a man wad gie a' the haudin's o' his hoose for luv', they wad be athegither scorned."

❀

A customer dropped into a bookseller's the other day and asked for a copy of *The Lady of the Aroostook*. The clerk seemed to be in some doubt about the title, but after a moment's consultation with another salesman he came forward and said blandly, "So sorry we haven't got *The Lady or the Rooster*, but we can give you *The Lady or the Tiger*."

❀

The publication of *The Choir Invisible* marks an important epoch in its author's career. It is the first book of his to be eagerly looked for, and instantaneously noticed by the press throughout the country. It is also his first work to be published simultaneously in America and England, and to command recognition in England. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll devotes nearly two columns to a review of the book in the *British Weekly*, in which he says that one may safely apply to Mr. Allen what Philip Gilbert Hamerton said of Robert Louis Stevenson in the old days, that he is one of the very

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few living men who may yet produce something which will be held classical. "To begin with," says Dr. Nicoll,

"Mr. Allen is a man of deep feeling. He understands tragedy—outward and inward—the hidden defeats of the soul as well as the conquests that are counted on the battlefield when the winning and the losing are reckoned. He has a rich, beautiful, and highly cultivated style, bordering often on poetry and very rarely trespassing on forbidden ground. He is steeped in the lore of Kentucky, in its history, in its scenery, in the spirit of its brave men and beautiful women. His sense of religion is very true and entirely catholic. He strives—strives too hard sometimes—to lay his stories on an ethical basis and conduct them to an ethical issue. Every instructed reader feels at once that he is in the company of a man who writes because he must, who has something to say, whose conscience has gone into his work, whose defects, whatever they may be, never come from carelessness and indifference, but rather from a too serious sense of his function. I know very few writers on either side of the Atlantic who give the same impression of fidelity and ardour in all they write."

Then follows an analysis of the story, after which Dr. Nicoll concludes,

"I am conscious that I have done no justice at all to the delicacy and fineness of Mr. Allen's touch, to his careful elaboration, to his honest endeavour to extenuate nothing. . . . Certainly this is no commonplace book, and I have failed to do justice to its beauty, its picturesqueness, its style, its frequent nobility of feeling, and its large, patient charity."

❀

Mr. George Gissing, who has been by no means well lately, is at present taking a rest from work and recruiting his strength. He says that he spent a great deal more pains on his last book, *The Whirlpool*, than on any of its predecessors, and he thinks that it is the best bit of work he has done as yet. We notice that the book has been widely reviewed in England, but it has not yet appeared in this country. We have just received a copy of the English edition, which will be reviewed in an early number.

❀

Here's richness! A writer in *Temple Bar*, in an article on "The Birds of Tennyson," brings this poet into contrast with Bryant in the following amusing manner:

"Bryant, a poet of by no means contemptible taste and expression, wrote in his 'Death of the Flowers':

"'The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the woodtop calls the crow through all the gloomy day.'

Tennyson would never have gathered up two such different notes as those of the jay and the crow in one verb, still less would he have sanctioned the reading of 'caws' for 'calls,' as Bryant is reported to have done. Jays, as a wonderful appreciation of the bird by America's famous humourist will not let us forget, do not 'caw' but laugh."

Now, it appears to us that any boy or girl with a common grammar-school education could tell at a glance that Bryant in this couplet does no such thing as gather up the notes of the jay and the crow in one verb, for the jay has already flown off with the robin and the wren. This question of punctuation reminds us of the construction put on a certain line in Shakespeare's *Richard III.* by a Western scholar, who said that when Clarence exclaims,

"As I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,"

what he said was,

"As I am a Christian,—faithful man! [addressing Brakenbury]
I would not spend another such a night."

We submit this to Mr. Locke Richardson.

❀

We notice that in England Maurus Jókai's popular novel, *The Green Book*, has reached its sixth edition. The Messrs. Harper also report a lively demand for the book on this side.

❀

We understand that the Doubleday-McClure Company have secured a new book from Mr. Stephen Crane. The date of publication, however, is still uncertain. Some of Mr. Crane's recent work has disconcerted his friendly critics, but after reading his descriptive sketch, entitled "The Open Boat," in the June *Scribner's*, they may have reason to feel that their hopes for his future are not quite groundless.

❀

Sir Walter Besant is to contribute the principal part of the reading matter in the splendid special Jubilee number of the *Illustrated London News*. He has also written an appropriate article for publication in the ordinary number of the *Queen*, to be issued on or about Jubilee Day.

❀

The title of Mr. Robert Barr's new novel is *The Countess Tekla*. It will be published serially, both here and in

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England, prior to its being issued in book form.

❀

The June number of the *International Studio*, now admitted to be the finest of all the art magazines (John Lane, New York and London), contains an article on the work of Miss Ethel Reed. A number of drawings and sketches representative of Miss Reed's various methods are given, one of which is herewith reproduced. The drawing belongs to a series of *Pierrots* as yet unpublished. No one, says the writer of this article, has depicted the delightfully conceived hero of the *fin de siècle* with finer insight into the character. The *Pierrot* of Miss Reed is psychically akin to the *Punchinello* of Andersen, as you find him preserved in the popular drawing-room song. Her delicious studies of the white-clothed sprite, we are told, are not unworthy to be remembered by the side of Willette's wonderful *Duel* series, *Les Pierrots* (to Melandri's verses), or the *Farandole des Pierrots* (by Émile Vitta), all treasured for the sake of airy fancies that illustrate them. This critic agrees with us in considering Miss Reed's illustrations to the volume of child's verses, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton (Copeland and Day), as the most pleasing and popular work she has yet done. This estimate of Miss Reed's artistic work shows by far a more discriminating and intelligent appreciation than we have seen anywhere else. "It is too early yet," the writer says justly, after recognising the novel character of her work, "to forecast her future, but it is not too early to recognise that whether she may go on to far greater things, or never do more than equal her early successes, she has achieved that which dozens of most admirable decorators have failed to discover—namely, a unique way of expressing distinctly personal impressions of beauty. The very inequality of her work, so far, is its most hopeful sign. For it shows she has not yet passed the stage of experiment, and is quite willing to adventure new, even if some may prove disastrous, flights, for in art a satisfied mannerism is the close prelude of mediocrity." Miss Reed is still residing in London.

TEMPTATION.

From a drawing by Miss Ethel Reed.

❀

Messrs. Curtis and Cameron, of Bos-

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ton, have favoured us with a copy of their *Handbook of the New Library of Congress in Washington*, which we can heartily recommend to the curious. It is compiled by Mr. Herbert Small, who prepared a similar successful *Handbook of the Boston Public Library* over a year ago. There are essays on the architecture, sculpture, and painting of the library by Mr. Charles Caffin, and one on the function of a national library by Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford. The fine half-tone illustrations, of which there are over a hundred, are an especially interesting feature of the work. It comes in paper covers at thirty cents, and in cloth at fifty cents.

❀

Mr. Hall Caine is so uniformly harrowing and depressing when he writes, that we feel we are doing him a good turn by quoting the following frivolous remarks from a speech which he made at the ladies' dinner of the New Vagabond Club, held on May 11th in London :

"The first part of my speech, ladies, you will please understand is addressed to you only (the noble, disinterested, and magnanimous being, man, having nothing to do with it except to applaud your praises), and at the outset I ask you to realise by your presence here to-night how nearly a Vagabond is akin in taste and sentiment to a poet you are all bound in loyalty to love, Byron, when he said, 'I always feel in better humour with myself and everything else if there is a woman within ken.' In fact, a Vagabond has so far improved upon Byron that he has amended the greatest line of Byron's greatest master, Pope, and made it to read, 'The proper study of mankind is—woman.' I think you will agree that the study is a sufficiently varied one, and that Dumas was right when he said that there was 'nothing so unlike a woman as—another woman.' There are terrible and irredeemable old bachelors among us, though naturally there are none of them in this hall. Into a place so radiant with beautiful faces that kind comes not forth but with prayer and fasting. I have, however, sometimes met such specimens, and heard their extraordinary pronouncements on the subject of woman, and one of them is that 'Woman is a good idea—spoiled.' Another, that, whether a man does marry or doesn't marry, he is sure to regret it—an argument whereof the logic and the conduct based on it recall the schoolboy's essay on pins: 'Pins is queer things. If you swallers them they will kill you, but they have saved many thousands of lives.' 'Why, how's that, Tommy?' said the teacher. 'How do you mean?' 'By people *not* swallerin' of 'em,' said Tommy. One of these curious persons—I mean the bachelors—tells me that he has been reading Scripture, and finds that man is everywhere enjoined to prepare for a future state, but he also finds that there is to be no marrying there nor giving in marriage, so he wants to know, if that is to be the case, what the women are going to find to do. Another person says he reads that woman was taken out of the side of man, so he supposes she isn't to be blamed if she likes to go back to her old quarters."

❀

Mr. William H. Rideing retires on July 1st from the associate editorship of the *North American Review*, to which he was appointed by Allan Thorndyke Rice nine years ago. His work has been divided between that periodical and the *Youth's Companion*, with which his relationship begun twenty-seven years ago, will continue.

❀

We have good authority for contradicting the statement made recently that Messrs. Harper and Brothers had secured the American rights of the forthcoming life of the late Lord Tennyson by his son. We understand that the Macmillan Company, the authorised publishers of the works of Tennyson, will bring out the book in this country, and that it will appear in the late autumn. From what we hear of the work, it promises to be a biography of exceeding great interest; and will contain a number of the late Laureate's poems hitherto unpublished.

❀

The identification of the author of *The Descendant* with Miss Ellen Glasgow will come as a surprise to those who have read the book. Not since Miss Katharine Pearson Woods published her first story, *Metzerott Shoemaker*, about eight years ago, in the same manner, have we had in this country an anonymous novel which by its masculine force and vigour in characterisation, and in its treatment of certain phases of life, was so deceptive as to the sex of its author. In both cases we can trace back some of the influences that operated in producing such striking and remarkable effects in these initial performances to heredity and education. Miss Glasgow was born in Richmond, Va., just twenty-two years ago. She is sprung from an old and prominent Virginian family, and is of Scotch-Irish descent. During the last six years she has pursued the study of physical science and political economy with unremitting ardour, and her familiars in the book-world are Spencer, Darwin,

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Haeckel, Huxley, Romanes, Mill, Bagehot, Clifford, and Weissmann. This has given her imaginative work a scientific basis, and has developed her poetic sense of things into a concreteness of form that rarely is found in the work of women. George Eliot is the grand exception, and it is this tendency in Miss Glasgow which presumably has caused some of her loving friends to advertise her rashly in the same category. She will be wise not to heed such indiscriminate praise, but to be faithful to her own ideal. There is sufficient power and originality together with a love of beauty in her first book to lift it above the ordinary, and to make us look forward with eagerness for her next work in fiction. It is certainly difficult to explain the marked sympathy with the mystery of pain and the tragedy of failure in the work of one so young and adolescent. Such deep sympathy comes from intuition rather than from knowledge, and betokens the possession of that high order of mind which we call genius, but which often lacks staying power. If Miss Glasgow will nurse her powers carefully and work conscientiously, without haste or pressure from without, we shall hope for something from her pen which may justify the unusual promise of *The Descendant*. But if publishers and editors constrain her, she is lost.

Faithfully yours,
Ellen Glasgow.

❀

A fig-tree bearing olive berries would have been no greater surprise than the writing of a novel was to Miss Glasgow's friends. Her singular reticence deceived even the members of her own family, who were left in the dark until *The Descendant* was ready for publication. This refreshing feminine idiosyncrasy carries us back to the days of Jane Austen and Dr. Johnson. We believe Miss Glasgow sent her manuscript forth with a very faint heart and fainter hopes of its success, but as a matter of fact, there was no doubt of its being published from the time it passed through the hands of the Messrs. Harper's first reader. In less than a year after it was

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A. CONAN DOYLE.
From his latest photograph.

finished *The Descendant* was before the public. The kind reception which has been awarded to Miss Glasgow's first literary effort has given her courage to go on with another novel, and also to prepare a little volume of poems, which will probably be published in the autumn.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, whose new book, *Uncle Bernac*, a "Memory of the Empire," has just been published, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859. He is the grandson of John Doyle, the famous political caricaturist, known as "H. B." Dr. Doyle's education began in England and Germany, where his literary bent showed itself in the editorship of school magazines. In 1876 he commenced to study medicine at the University of Edinburgh, where he remained for four years. He took to writing at seventeen, and at the age of nineteen wrote a story, which was published in *Chambers's Journal*. Had it been rejected, he says that he should not have gone on writing. For ten years he wrote anonymously, producing in that time forty or fifty short stories. Dr. Doyle's heart is in his historical novels, of which the most notable are *The White Company* (in the preparation of which he read no less than a hundred and fifty books), *Micah Clarke* and *The Refugees*. Since *The Refugees* Dr. Doyle has written little that does more than rank him well above the average, and with his gifts his ambition ought certainly to be higher. Dr. Doyle believes in the historical novel. He said once, "I would say that a man, to write such books, must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. He must think it a great one, and then he must go deliberately to work to reconstruct it. Then his is a splendid joy." This was written five years ago, when the author was in the midst of writing *The Refugees*. Has his enthusiasm waned, or has he failed to find an age in the world's history which would arouse his enthusiasm?

Dr. Conan Doyle's education as a student of medicine taught him to observe, and his practice, both as a general practitioner and a specialist, has been a splendid training for a man such as he is, gifted with eyes, memory, and imagination. It was while studying medicine that he got the idea for Sherlock Holmes, which is his greatest success in fiction, in spite of his own *caveat*. "I know nothing," he said once, "about detective work, but theoretically it has always had a great charm for me. The great defect in the detective of fiction

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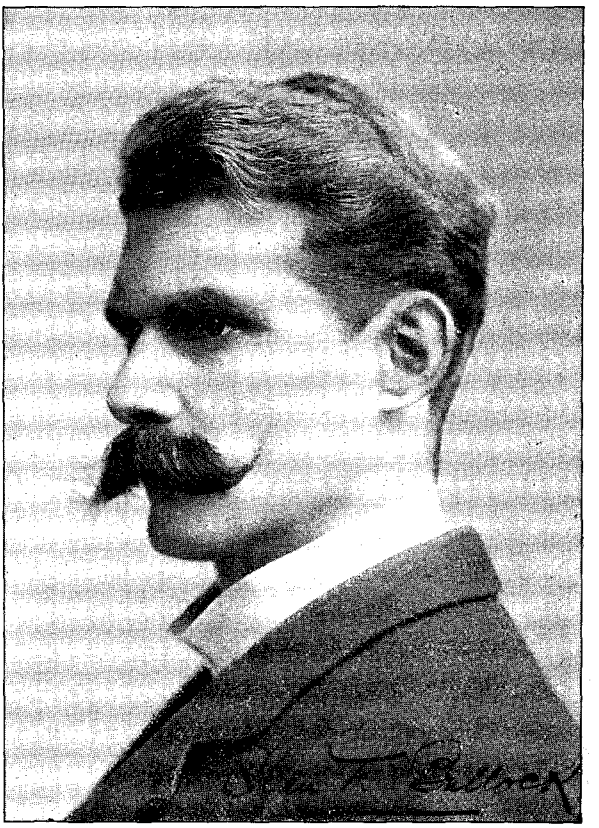
is that he obtains results without any obvious reason. That is not fair, it is not art." Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Doyle has told us, "is the literary embodiment, if I may so express it, of my memory of a professor of medicine at Edinburgh University, who would sit in the patients' waiting-room with a face like a Red Indian and diagnose the people as they came in, before even they had opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, he would give them details of their lives, and he would hardly ever make a mistake. 'Gentlemen,' he would say to us students standing around, 'I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight *callus*, or hardening, on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign he is either one or the other.' His great faculty of deduction was at times highly dramatic. 'Ah!' he would say to another man, 'you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now how did I know that, gentlemen? He came into the room without taking his hat off, as he would go into an orderly room. He was a soldier. A slight authoritative air, combined with his age, shows he was a non-commissioned officer. A slight rash on the forehead tells me he was in Bermuda, and subject to a certain rash known only there.'" Many letters have come to Dr. Doyle from all over the world about Sherlock Holmes, sometimes from schoolboys, sometimes from commercial travellers, who are great readers, sometimes from lawyers pointing out mistakes in his law. One letter actually contained a request for portraits of Sherlock Holmes at different periods of his life. Probably this was wanted by *McClure's Magazine* for its Human Document Series!



SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Among the newcomers into Irish fiction, notably Jane Barlow, Emily Lawless, and Katharine Tynan Hinkson, the latest to call for recognition is Mr. Shan F. Bullock, whose Irish novel, *By Thrasna River*, was described by the *Athenæum* as containing the "best description of Irish rural life" which its reviewer had ever read. Some months ago we called attention to this, his first book, published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, and in this number we print a review of *By Thrasna River* and his latest work *Ring o' Rushes*, recently published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball. Mr. Bullock is quite a young man, having been born in 1865 at Crom, on the shores of Lough Erne, in Fermanagh, Ireland. This is the scenery which he describes in *By Thrasna River*. He was educated at Westmeath, and while there he made so close a study of the Bible that he had almost the whole of it by heart. His new book, entitled *The Charmer: A Seaside Comedy*, is now appearing serially in England in *The Young Man*, and will be published later by Mr. James Bowden. Mr. Bowden, who

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was until recently associated with the English house of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, has made a good start in business for himself with Mr. Coulson Kernahan as his literary adviser.

❀

There is talk about a revival of Charles Lever in England. Messrs. Downey and Company are preparing a new edition of his works under the editorship of the novelist's daughter, Mrs. Nevill, with whose aid Lever had arranged to revise his novels during his last visit to England when death interrupted his scheme. It was reported to this firm that a gentleman who has much to do with the direction of an English library had sought for Lever, but could not get his novels in a form very easy to read, and this projected new edition is the result. In America this difficulty has been overcome by the fine library edition, the best yet published, which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have made accessible to readers. Lever was an indefatigable worker, and though often his splendid imagination failed him, his gift of narration seldom forsook him. As a story-teller of pure, rollicking fun and adventure, and hearty, wholesome lovemaking he ranks high ; and the true gift of humour is surely to be found in one whom, as some one has said of Lever, you could not waken without finding him laughing. Charles Lever holds a place apart from the more modern Irish writers, as George Macdonald occupies a unique position between Sir Walter Scott and the latest authors of Scottish idylls and stories, notwithstanding the charge brought against these latter writers by a recent correspondent in the *Critic* of defrauding Dr. Macdonald of the right to stand as the head of the new Scottish school of fiction.

❀

Messrs. Downey and Company are the English publishers of the late H. C. Bunner's last volume of stories entitled *Love in Old Cloathes*. An English reviewer treats the book as a firstling, and concludes his notice by remarking that in one of the stories "there is a faint gleam of humour, which gives us some hope for the author's future (!) despite the manifold crudities of this book."

Last month we took occasion to speak favourably of Mr. S. Levett Yeats in connection with the publication of *A Galahad of the Creeks*, by the Messrs. Appleton. A portrait of the author was also given. We are now able to announce that Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company will publish at once the new novel by Mr. Yeats, for which we have been eagerly waiting since *The Honour of Savelli* appeared about two years ago. *The Chevalier d'Auriac* confirms the impression made by its predecessor that Mr. Yeats is a worthy rival of Mr. Stanley Weyman in the field of historical romance. Nothing so stirring and exciting has come to us since *A Gentleman of France* or *Under the Red Robe*. We notice that an English contemporary says of his *Galahad of the Creeks*, that the "Eastern colour is not unworthy of Mr. Kipling, who seems to have suggested both the *motif* and the manner of this very clever story. It has hardly a dull page, and reaches its climax without any of that unpleasant flavour which taints certain of the *Plain Tales from the Hills*."

❀

The New Amsterdam Book Company has just published a delightful anthology of romance containing a collection of the best short stories of all ages and countries. Some of the best examples of English story literature have been gathered into *A Garden of Romance*, by the able editor, Mr. Ernest Rhys. The same firm has published a volume of travel in the East, entitled *Glimpses of Sunny Lands*, by R. W. W. Cryan, dealing with many of the beautiful resorts of the modern tourist, and containing numerous illustrations from photographs. Another book recently published by this firm has been causing some sensation—namely, *The Devil-Tree of El Dorado*, by Frank Aubrey—in which the famous legend of El Dorado has found its way into a romance of a highly seasoned flavour.

❀

George Du Maurier's last novel, *The Martian*, which has been appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine*, will be published in book form at the beginning of the month.

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OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS.

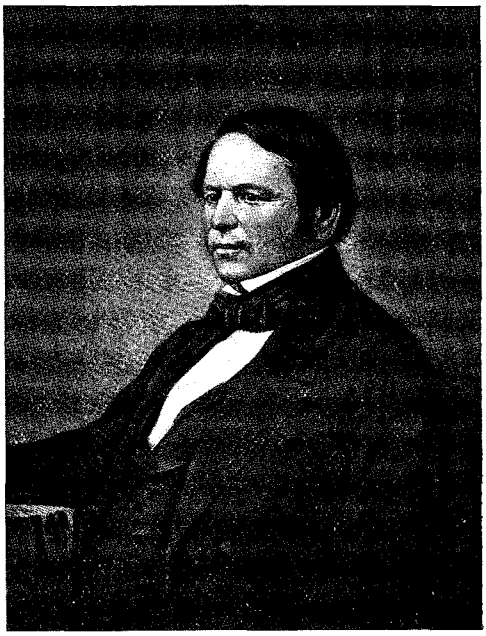
II.

Augustus Flagg, Alexander Williams, William Crosby, Joshua Lincoln, and William Lee, old Boston booksellers still living, look back to the book-trade of the thirties and forties, and to that period when Boston was pronounced to be "notoriously the literary metropolis of the Union." The first two of this group have been for some years in retirement enjoying comfortable fortunes acquired in bookselling; William Crosby has long been engaged in other activities; the others are still busy in the trade.

When Augustus Flagg came to Boston in 1838 and began as a clerk with Charles C. Little and James Brown, the house of Little and Brown had been established but a single year. Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company, with whom they had been associated, were publishing and selling school and college textbooks. Messrs. Munroe and Francis, Messrs. Crocker and Brewster, T. H. Carter, Charles J. Hendee, Messrs. Weeks, Jordan and Company in their "Literary Rooms," Benjamin B. Mussey, Messrs. Perkins and Marvin, Messrs. Whipple and Damrell, Charles Williams, and O. C. Greenleaf, in the "Navy Bookstore," were near neighbours in the book quarter. Messrs. Otis, Broaders and Company, the first publishers of the *North American Review*, were just broadening out into the general publishing and wholesale trade.

W. D. Ticknor was the sole owner of the Old Corner Bookstore, with James T. Fields, a clerk at the counter, to become the next year a partner. S. G. Goodrich was publishing his own works, issuing *The Token*, one of the brood of "Annuals" which flourished so extensively in that day, and making fame and money with his "Peter Parley" books. Alexander Williams had just ventured into trade on his own account, combining healing-salve with periodical literature. William Crosby had just launched the firm of William Crosby and Company, inviting the Unitarian trade. Joshua Lincoln was junior partner in the new firm of Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, successors by one remove of Messrs. Lincoln and Edmunds, who had been the leading Baptist booksellers and publishers through the first third of the century. William Lee was a boy in Samuel G. Drake's antiquarian book shop, working hopefully for a dollar a week.

Augustus Flagg was born in Worcester, and served his apprenticeship at bookselling there. This was as boy, then



James Brown

clerk in the book-shop of Clarendon Harris, a son of the revered Dr. Thaddeus Mason Harris, minister for forty-three years of the ancient First Parish of Dorchester. At twenty-one, seeking a broader field, Mr. Flagg came to Boston with letters from Mr. Harris to several of the booksellers here, among them Mr. Little. No opening at the moment being found, he journeyed to New York, and after a little persistent effort obtained a clerkship in the store of Messrs. Robinson and Franklin. He had been thus employed for about a fortnight only, when he received a wel-

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come note from Mr. Brown offering him a place if he would come back to Boston at once. He responded with alacrity, and so began his connection with the Boston house, with which he was identified for nearly half a century. In 1846 he was admitted to partnership. After the death of Mr. Brown, in 1855, he became the purchaser abroad of foreign books for the house. From 1869, when Mr. Little died, to the time of his

retirement from business, in 1884, he was the managing partner.

Mr. Flagg fell naturally into the line which the founders of the house established at the beginning. They were to carry forward the law and foreign book-trade developed by the old firm of Cummings, Hilliard and Company, of which they were practically the successors; and to sell and to publish standard works of a high grade—books of a grave, solid, and substantial character. For this he had a marked aptitude, which was early disclosed. Of him it could with equal truth be said, as George S. Hillard said of James Brown, that he possessed "the tastes of a scholar, the manners of a gentleman, and the habits of a man of business." In the development of the house he had no small share. Its founders made it the chief importing and publishing house of "useful and valuable works in every class of literature" in their day, and the foremost law-book concern in the country; and this reputation he successfully sustained and broadened.

Both Mr. Little and Mr. Brown came to their business with an intimate knowledge of its requirements. Both had been directly or indirectly connected with the earlier concern of Cummings, Hilliard and Company, and partners in the firm immediately succeeding it. Messrs. Cummings, Hilliard and Company had kept "The Boston Bookstore" for half a century and were the earlier law and classical booksellers in the town. Their customers included members of the bench and bar, colleges and schools, and the cultivated folk purchasing for private libraries. Charles Little, coming to Boston from Maine when a youth, had begun as clerk in "The Boston Bookstore," and afterward became a member of the firm of Hilliard, Gray, Little and Wilkins (William Hilliard, Harrison Gray, John H. Wilkins, widely known names in the trade of that period), which first succeeded the old firm, subsequently changing to Hilliard, Gray and Company. James Brown, born on a farm at Acton, Mass., in 1800, the son of a Revolutionary soldier, began at eighteen as a clerk and general assistant in William Hilliard's Cambridge bookstore, recommended by Professor Hedge of Harvard, in whose family he had been living. He was but twenty-six when he was made a partner. Five years later, he became connected with Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company, and at about the same time, a copartnership being formed between Lemuel Shattuck on the one part, and Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company on the other, the charge of the Cambridge store fell to him. He was a good seller of books, and won the best trade of the bookish university town. He remained a partner in the firm of Hilliard, Gray and Company until 1837, when the partnership with Mr. Little was

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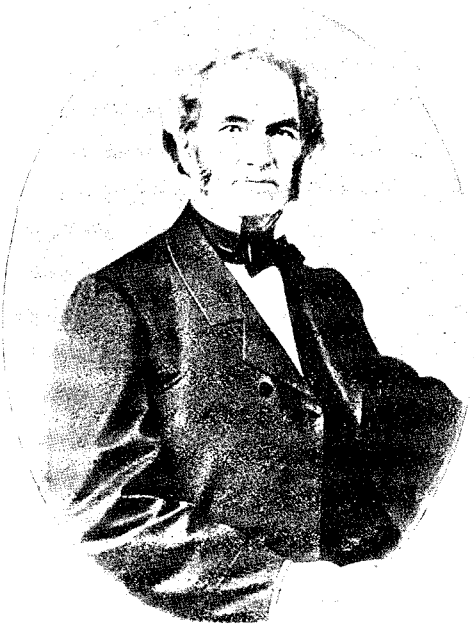
formed. The new firm took the law and foreign books of Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company, the latter retaining the school and college text-books branch of the business.

In their sales of law books, Messrs. Little and Brown were the first—so averred George S. Hillard, than whom there is no better authority—to apply "that well-known rule in political economy that in articles of permanent demand the increase of purchasers is greater, in proportion, than the increase in price." The result justified their enterprise. They were also among the earliest, if not the first, to import the best English standard and new works and place them on the market here at moderate prices, applying the same rule in this as in their law-book trade. Proceeding on the theory, as another has said, that if English publishers could be induced to sell a quantity of copies of a work at a little above the cost of manufacture and paper, a widening American market would open for such books, they sought directly the stocks of London booksellers, and brought to Boston tempting lots of "standards," which they offered at prices less than were asked in London.

A glance at the first catalogues of the firm reveals the character and extent of these early importations. They made a stir in the cultured little town. Mr. Flagg recalls, with pleasant reminiscence, the eagerness with which the arrival of fresh lots was awaited by the book collectors of that day, and the animated scenes in the store upon the unpacking. They announced additions to their stock "by every steamboat from England of such new books published there as are thought to be of value, and also from Paris and Brussels by the monthly packets from Havre." The firm soon began the republication with their own imprint of choice foreign works. In the year when Mr. Flagg became a partner they brought out their edition of Edmund Spenser in five dainty volumes, duodecimo, edited by George S. Hillard, the publication of which marked a literary epoch. Then followed the remarkable succession of law publications—Story, Greenleaf, Kent, and so on; the notable line of historical works beginning with Prescott and Bancroft, the Collection of British Poets, and the speeches and papers of orators and statesmen, which steadily widened the firm's name. In 1847 they became the American agents of MM. Firmin Didot Frères. In 1852 they were the first importers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and for years had the exclusive sale of it in this country.

The house early became the resort of the legal lights of the Massachusetts bar, of the group of historians and historical writers who made Boston their workshop, the Harvard "clique," the solider of Boston *literati*. It was Webster's favourite browsing place when in town. Everett found delight among



CHARLES LITTLE.

the foreign importations. Choate frequently dropped in, and was a free buyer of rich works. For a number of years a little informal club met in Mr. Brown's office daily, as often as the noon returned, to talk of literary things and to discuss the merits of new publications.

In the division of duties each partner had his distinct sphere, and all worked together harmoniously. In the earlier years Mr. Little had control of the law book department, Mr. Brown of the foreign importations, while Mr. Flagg was at the front among the customers, and especially concerned in filling pri-

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vate libraries. He came to have a wide acquaintance with book-buyers of distinction, and a keen judgment of the selling qualities of new ventures. Of Mr. Brown's successive trips abroad in the forties and early fifties, interesting records are preserved in his letters and journals. On his first trip, in 1841, he made the acquaintance of John Murray, who treated him with "a cordial and hospitable kindness;" and he named his youngest son, now the senior member of the present firm of Little, Brown and Company, after the eminent publisher. On his second visit, in 1845, he drank old port and talked of old books with Pickering, in his rooms over the shop in Piccadilly, who, he writes, "understood the value of both." He also met Rogers, the banker poet, and Wordsworth, and the sons of Burns. Mr. Flagg, as the foreign book-buyer for the house, made seven visits to England and the Continent. In addition to the purchase of new works, he constantly sought rarities, early imprints, fine editions of the classics and the Elizabethan dramatists, and fine bindings.

The present firm name of Little, Brown and Company was adopted upon Mr. Flagg's admission to partnership, prior to which the style was Charles C. Little and James Brown. During the period of Mr. Flagg's direction of affairs as managing partner he had associated with him at different periods Messrs. Benjamin S. Heywood, William J. Parsons, Henry T. Miles, John Bartlett of *Familiar Quotations* fame, Thomas W. Deland, John Murray Brown, and his brother George Flagg. Charles C. Little died at the age of seventy years, and James Brown at fifty-five. Both, beginning as booksellers' clerks and entering the trade with small capital earned in bookselling, left ample fortunes. Both were cultivated booksellers, understanding books as bibliographers as well as tradesmen. Mr. Brown made generous presents to the libraries of Harvard College and of the Boston Athenæum. Mr. Little was liberal in advancing literary undertakings.

In the present firm are associated John Murray Brown, Charles W. Allen, Hulings C. Brown, and James W. McIntyre. Although retired, Augustus Flagg keeps in touch with his old associations. In a quiet corner of a comfortable room over the store, looking out upon the busy back street, he still keeps his desk: and here he is regularly found between stated hours every day, as if he were still a man of business and in its active pursuit.

The house has occupied its present stand from the beginning—the present building, erected by Harvard College, being the second on the site. For a few years in the early forties Messrs. Phillips, Samson and Company, then young in the trade as a firm, occupied the second floor of the first building. Early in the century, on or near this site, was the little "Pamphlet Shop" of Nat Coverly, the walls of which were nearly covered with ballads on broadsides. Coverly had graduated from the printer's shop to publishing. His imprint has been found as early as 1774. He published mainly small story-books, ballads, and miscellaneous pamphlets. His most ambitious work was *An Impartial History of the War in America between Great Britain and the United States, from its Commencement to the End of the War*, "illustrated with beautiful copper plates," in two volumes, brought out in 1781–83 with the imprint of Coverly and Hodge. The plates were by J. Norman, one of the early Boston engravers, and have been accurately characterised as atrocious specimens of the engraver's "art."

Edwin M. Bacon.

THE POET.

Nature he painted with a subtle grace,
And snared the lights of sunset and of dawn:
Yet lay upon his soul a shadow wan
Until Love taught him how to paint her face.

Robert Adger Bowen.

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TWO ODES OF KEATS'S.

II.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

If when two months ago I praised Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," I felt that, in making certain discriminations and reserves, I did a venturesome thing, what should be now my sense of risk in avowing the opinion that, whereas in the poem just named we have a piece on the whole beautiful, with some flaws, we have in the "Ode to a Nightingale" a piece on the whole not happy—with exceptions, indeed, of beauty that go far toward retrieving, but that cannot retrieve, the hopeless fortune of the poem?

The present poem, instead of being, as entitled, "An Ode to a Nightingale," is better described to consist of certain incoherent musings, in which the nightingale plays a quite unnecessary part as absurdly purporting to suggest them, they really being in the main singularly inapposite to any sentiment that the nightingale can properly be supposed to inspire, nay, even irreconcilable with such sentiment. What more alien from the true sentiment of the nightingale than praise of wine and sigh for the effect that wine produces? Yet such is the substance and such the spirit of the two stanzas following the first; and the fourth stanza then proceeds to dismiss the notion as suddenly found unfit. But take the first stanza, and see what a futile labour of expression is expended in it to no result at all but absolute, ungrammatical nonsense. Four lines are wasted in a wearisomely improgressive and repetitious, even at points self-contradictory, description of a subjective state in the poet which probably did not exist, but which, if it did exist, had no business to be represented in such a poem as an "Ode to a Nightingale" ought to be. Yet this state is luxuriously dwelt upon in description quite as if —and this was probably the case— the poet enjoyed making thus a trial of his skill in the art of over-expression. Consider it:

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk!"

A stupor and a nightingale—what an association of thought for a poem! But a stupor how painstakingly described—not as to itself, but as to possible methods of inducing it! "Emptied" "to the drains!" That language, interpreted according to its just sense, is suggestive of a disposal of the contents of a phial or a glass quite different from pouring them down the throat. "Dregs" must be what, in a violence to language enforced by stress of rhyme, "drains" does duty for. But why suppose the dose so small as to need being drunk to the dregs? "One minute past." Why this chronometric exactness? And why the further wrench to idiom in expressing the exactness? But, again, and chief of all, why such a stupefaction?

The poet tells why. But first he tells a thing that is not the cause of it:

"'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot."

No one, indeed, would have supposed that it was. The real cause, the poet assures the bird, is

"—being too happy in thy happiness."

Excess of happiness, altruistic happiness at that, produced, it seems, the singular effect on the poet of stupefaction!

"That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,"

[A Dryad with wings! And a Dryad "of trees"!]

"In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

What the relation is which the poet intended to express in the foregoing by the conjunction "that" must remain a matter of conjecture.

A very remarkable beginning, certainly, for an ode to a nightingale. The continuation corresponds, for the poet immediately bursts into a melodious sigh for a stiff draught of wine!

The writer was once one of a fellowship of mutually congenial spirits who had been considering together this ode of Keats's, and he having urged upon attention the unreality and awkwardness of the first stanza, a friendly challenge

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was proposed to all present who would risk themselves in undertaking a task so audacious, to try rewriting the passage. The condition was that, as much as found practicable, the notion over-expressed by the poet should be adopted, while yet the attempt should be made to avoid the absurdities of the original. One of the results produced I am permitted here to show :

" My heart sinks to a deep delicious lull
Of beating, and the pulses in my veins
Die into motions gentle yet not dull
That silent sing nepenthe to my pains,
And soothe me into sympathy of lot
With thee, O thou unconscious happiness,
Vocal invisible among the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, 'mid shadows numberless,
Singing of summer in full-throated ease."

(If escape from indebtedness to Denham had, by the author of this "'prentice" practice in improving a poet's work, been deemed desirable, it might easily have been found in an alternative to the phrase borrowed from him ; for example, instead of "gentle yet not dull," read "soft and equable.")

The lyrist is not a little nice in his choice of the wine sighed for :

" O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,"
Etc.

This stanza is in itself worthy of the poet. It is full of the sensuous charm and the happy phrase that are characteristic of Keats. "In itself," I say. But as part of an ode to a nightingale ! It is real wine that the poet sighs for, and he sighs for a drink of it deep enough to make him "fade away"—which is poetry for—for—but I do not know what it is poetry for. The next stanza might seem to indicate that it is for nothing short of a state which the vulgar describe as "dead drunk ;" for it is a state of insensibility to the ills of life such as drunkards seek in their cups. The effort at expression is as marked as it was in the first stanza, and the success is not greater. The unwillingness of Minerva is plainly enough evident in one of the poet's adjectives, which is such as he could not possibly have used when in a happy imaginative mood : "leaden-eyed despairs." "Despair," as an emotion or state supposed an object of observation, or even of experience, may have eyes "leaden" to look at, or "leaden" to feel ; but when you represent a person as *full* of "leaden-eyed despairs" (plural), you produce indeed a striking strain of expression, but one abortive, raising no idea realizable to the imagination. Another similarly tell-tale word is "haply" in the stanza following :

" And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne."

That language, taken by itself, would naturally imply that the night is one not definitely conceived of as a particular night—it may chance to be a night lighted by the moon ; whereas, up to the present point, the representation has been that of a particular experience occurring on a particular occasion. The fact of the moon's shining was noted in the first stanza, in the expression, "shadows numberless." There are no shadows at night amid which a nightingale could sing, except when the moon shines. There was, therefore, no "haply" about the matter. The plain truth is, the poet's conception wavered ; his imagination at the moment did not serve him well. It is further to be noted that the poet makes no use whatever of the fact hypothetically stated by him that the night is moonlit—except to have it point a contrast : "here there is no light." But, even in the place indicated by "here," there must have been some light, or there could not have been "shadows numberless." This, of course, will seem to some a mere wanton teasing of the poet ; but I write for those who can see that in such traits of composition an author reveals the present lack on his part of that fusile, harmonising heat of imagination which is necessary to the production of true works of literary art, especially to the achievement of consistency, unity, wholeness. In point of fact, as is well known, Keats wrote this ode by daylight, during a forenoon ; and he did not consistently conceive the ideal different situation which he undertook to represent in his poem. There are still other particular expressions in the "Nightingale" that betray the obstructed mood that was upon the poet—others, I mean, besides those which he himself consciously (but inartistically) introduced into his verse, as, for example, the first four lines of the ode, and the allusion to the "dull brain" "perplexing" and "retarding." One of those other tell tale expressions is the adjective "easeful" applied to

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Death personified. "Easefulness" is an attribute, not of death conceived as a person, but of death conceived as a state. The explanation of the lack of unity, of consistency, of felicity, in the ode considered as a whole, is, as already intimated, that, in producing it, Keats did not have his imagination in free and happy play; he made his headway like a ship beating up against wind and tide.

The spurning by the poet of the unworthy thought that it had cost him so much pain to express, namely, the thought of managing to "fade away," to, or rather with, the nightingale, by means of wine, is accomplished in a fashion congruous with the previous tenor of the poem:

"Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards—"

The resolution to "fly" without being "charioted" is sound sense, if not very good poetry. The poet feels that the "dull brain perplexes and retards" (just why it should "perplex" is not so clear as why it might "retard" the flight); but the poet nevertheless arrives so promptly that he exclaims, "Already with thee!" How long he stays with the bird is not determinable; for the next stanza seems to be conceived as from a situation on the ground and not on the tree; since the poet tells us, or rather tells the nightingale, that he cannot "see" what flowers are "*at his feet*" —adding that so neither can he "see" "what incense hangs upon the boughs." (One could hardly expect to "see" odour under any circumstances.) Throughout this stanza the poet quite forgets his nightingale, and delivers himself up to luscious mere description of objects, admirable in itself, but in no way related to the bird. He even loses his lyric motive far enough to be leisurely, and, remembering a general fact of nature, write reflectively, with anticipation, of the "mid-May" "musk-rose," as destined to become

"The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

The next stanza presents the poet as a listener, and at the same time a meditator of suicide, or at least an invoker of death. The difficulty of the association is nothing to the poet; it is neatly overcome by the simple copula. He says:

"Darkling I listen; *and*, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death."

He avers that under the spell of the nightingale's singing he feels it "more than ever" "rich to die." I do not doubt there have been young persons who have thought that this was "lovely," and who would testify that they had themselves under certain circumstances had similar experiences. But probably the poet was describing, with mere self-indulging excess of expression, what he never really felt at all. On the present occasion, at any rate, *while* he was feeling it unusually "rich to die," he also shrinks from dying—in manner as follows:

"Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod."

What the fitness is, or what the poetic or other effectiveness, of suggesting that the corpse of a person who has "ceased upon the midnight," still "has ears"—in order only to add that it has them "in vain"—I cannot pretend to understand. To "become a sod" to a "requiem" is a turn of expression which seems to me—not to put it more strongly—at least not happy enough to make one forget with delight the imperfect rhyme involved. One feels constrained in passing to dip one's colours to that delicious line, so unhappily accompanied:

"To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

In the next stanza, commencing

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!"

we have the particular nightingale of the present ode identified with the species nightingale, and so endowed with endless life before and after. We may allow the poet this illogical fallacy, since it proved to him the warrant for those exquisite lines of his, precious enough to make us quite forget, though certainly they should not make us admire, the setting in which they are imbedded (one hates to introduce the ungrammatical and violent line beginning the quotation, but it seems necessary):

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

The ineffably sweet feeling of that,

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the allusive spell in it to the imagination, the supreme felicity of phrase, the ravishing melody of rhythm, unite in making us willingly unmindful to inquire why, since there is no association in legend of Ruth with any singing bird, her figure alone should be the one selected by the poet to set by name into his verse :

" She stood in tears amid the alien corn—"

What beauty and what pathos a poet can put into a simple single line ! Into a single word—" alien" !

If only the ode could have ended with this stanza ! But alas, no.

" Forlorn, the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self."

What could be much more bathetic ?

I am afraid my frankness will have appeared to some to be what the French would call " brutal." I see as well as any one that only a poetic spirit touched to the finest issues could have produced Keats's " Ode to a Nightingale." There is rare poetry in it, but it is no true poem. The " Grecian Urn" tempts one to the hazardous experiment of trying to hint by tentative replacements here and there, how the original poet himself might have made his poem perfect. The " Nightingale" offers no such temptation. There is almost nothing in it that properly belongs to the subject treated. The first stanza might be much improved, but however improved it has not, except in the closing lines, any title of fitness to be retained in an ode to a nightingale. The second stanza could hardly be improved in beauty and fitness—for a Bacchic inspiration. The third stanza is far less happy—indeed, is not worth the labour it would have cost to make it better. Neither the second nor the third ought to stand at all in this poem ; hardly the fourth, or any part of it. The fifth is fine for a purely descriptive piece ; but, as already pointed out, it has no relation to the nightingale. But I am repeating my objections to the poem, when I only meant to say that if there has been levity indulged in this paper, it certainly would be unjust to credit it to any lack of respect in the writer for the memory and genius of Keats. I do, however, deprecate inconsiderate overestimation of a particular production of the poet's, which works, as I think, to the real injury of poetic taste and aspiration among youthful students of literature. As for the matter of real reverence for Keats, I ask a question : Which admirer of the poet is more loyal to him, more truly appreciative of what he was at his best, the man who holds that such a poem as this ode has been shown to be is not worthy of his genius, or the man who maintains that it is ? One valued friend and adviser to whom I showed the notes herein set down admonished me that besides the considerable body of Keats lovers among us, there was also a class of " Keats fanatics" with whom I should have to reckon. Another valued friend and adviser whom I similarly made my confidant was pained enough by what I had shown him, to write me, in returning it, this gently reproachful question : " How ought one to feel when something he loves is scorned by one whom he respects ?" Well, I should answer : First feel forgiving, as doubtless this gentleman does, and next feel inclined to consider dispassionately whether in the present particular instance his " love" had been wisely bestowed. The " scorn" that he had previously discovered might then come to appear only a light-hearted raillery well directed toward what really deserved such treatment.

The simple fact about Keats is that his art was not equal to his genius (it probably never would have been), and that his genius had not time to work itself free from the immaturities and the crudities, I will say even the affectations and the falsities, of youth. The faults of the " Grecian Urn" are such that the poet, under wise criticism, might easily have removed them. The faults of the " Nightingale" are such that they could not be removed ; for they inhere inseparably in the very idea and structure of the ode. The fine things in it might, however, have been rescued by the poet and turned to fitter uses in quite different poems.

William C. Wilkinson.

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THE SCIENTIFIC MOTHER.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

SCENE I.

(*Two ladies meeting at the door-way of a house in New York.*)

Mrs. W. Oman Page.—Oh, do come in. I'm just returning from the most delightful lecture on The Duties of Motherhood by Professor Bacheller. Come in. (*They enter the house.*)

Mrs. Ole Vashion (*drily*).—It is luck to find you at home—or almost at home, on your door-step.

Mrs. Page.—Yes, one seldom catches me at home. There is so much to do.

Mrs. Vashion.—Indeed, yes. *I* find also that there is so much to do that I can scarcely find time to leave the house, unless to walk with the children.

Mrs. Page.—I didn't see you at the lecture this morning. The Professor is so stimulating.

Mrs. Vashion.—I find the duties and pleasures of motherhood so stimulating, that I do not need any professor to shed light upon my path.

Mrs. Page.—Oh, you don't know what you are missing! I positively feel *thrilled* when I come home from a lecture of that kind. I declare I could sit right down now and write my paper on "The Sacred Influences of Motherhood" for the Teachers' and Parents' Union.

Mrs. Vashion.—I won't disturb you. By all means go on while the inspiration is upon you. I'll go up and see the baby.

Mrs. Page.—Do! run right up. (*Doubtfully*) I *guess* she's in the nursery.

Mrs. Vashion.—I hope you won't scold if I sing nursery jingles to the poor little mite? *My* children do love them so, though I suppose I am implanting in their souls all kinds of hideous immoralities!

Mrs. Page (*doubtfully*).—*I* never do it. But do what you want. Only keep her quiet by *some* means—*any* means while I write my paper.

Mrs. Vashion (*leaves the room, smiling ironically as she goes; opens door again and puts her head into the room*).—May I even indulge in that disreputable and demoralising "baby talk"?

(*Mrs. Page nods her head absently as she bends over her paper and writes the following sentiment:* "The Nineteenth Century Woman, with an aroused moral purpose going hand in hand with Science, has awakened to the seriousness of motherhood," *etc. etc.*)

SCENE II.

(*A little later in the Nursery.*)

Baby (*who has listened with bated breath to the thrilling tales of Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, etc.—with a long-drawn sigh*).—I like that. Mamma never tells me stories.

Enter MRS. W. OMAN PAGE.

Baby (*running to her*).—Mamma, dear, tell me a story.

Mrs. Page.—No, darling, I haven't time. I am going to take a bit of lunch and then I must go to the meeting of the Child Study Club. I'll be back early for our hour together before bed-time. (*Aside*) Oh, dear, how can I ever get that Secretary's Report ready!

Baby (*doubtfully*).—Will you be too tired to hold me on your knee?

Mrs. Page.—I'll *try* not to be, dear. But poor mother does get very, very tired.

Baby (*caressingly*).—Dear! dear! dear! *Poor* mamma.

Mrs. Page (*proudly*).—I never allow anything to interfere with our bed time hour—no tea, nor committee meeting *then!*

Mrs. Vashion.—But in what *state* are you after your committee meetings, mothers' unions, etc.?

Mrs. Page.—Oh, utterly exhausted, mentally and physically used up—cross, nervous, and wretched—but (*proudly*) I *never* neglect baby's hour.

Mrs. Vashion (*under her breath*).—Poor baby!

Baby (*with her little fat arms clasped about her mother's neck*).—Mamma, will you take me for a donkey ride to-morrow? You said you would some day.

Mrs. Page.—No, dear, mother can't, but you may go with nurse. There, there! don't cry. Molly shall have her ride.

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Baby.—But I want my mamma.

Mrs. Page.—Why you funny little girlie! Mother wishes she might go, but she cannot. (*Explaining to Mrs. Vashion as they leave the nursery*) You see I've promised to assist at a Washington's Birthday party arranged for the poor little children of the Slum Street kindergarten.

Mrs. Vashion.—Well, I'll come with my Bobby and take the poor little tot for a donkey ride. But, my dear, see this sweet little girl of yours calling and yearning for you. Why go miles off to Slum Street when your duty lies right here?

Mrs. Page (*indignantly*).—You do not understand. Never before in the history of civilisation has motherhood claimed such an important position. A new light has streamed in upon the subject, and it is the sacred duty of every mother to spread abroad the right knowledge of motherhood as a science.

Mrs. Vashion (*under her breath*).—Shade of my mother! A *science!* (*Aloud*) But nothing can shake from my soul the belief that a mother's first duty is to be with her children—to *live their lives with them.*

Mrs. Page (*nervously crying*).—How unjust you are to me! Is not that the very motto of our Mother's Club, which meets every third Wednesday? There it is in silver on a blue enamel background, "Let us live with our children!" And not only that, but (*triumphantly*) I say those very words—yes, those very identical words in the address which I am preparing for the Mother's Congress.

Mrs. Vashion (*aghast*).—Good heavens! More legislation for the nursery, and no President's veto! What's this Mother's Congress?

Mrs. Page (*proudly*).—I'm astonished at you! Why, the papers have been full of it. We meet in Washington, and it has attracted the attention of the whole country. The most distinguished women have signified their intention to be present. We shall be gathered there from North, South, East, and West.

Mrs. Vashion.—H'm! I never read the page of my paper in which doubtless I should have seen the accounts. And so you editors, journalists, novelists, temperance reformers, etc., from all corners of the globe are going to meet and tell us poor, benighted stay-at-homes what our duty is?

Mrs. Page.—Yes; isn't it a grand idea?

Mrs. Vashion.—And how long do you mothers intend to legislate?

Mrs. Page.—At least a week we shall be there. What with receptions and teas for us and all that, I may be gone ten days or so. Won't you come? You'll hear some fine papers.

Mrs. Vashion.—Good Lord! The millennium would have been here long ago were reforms accomplished by the writing and reading of "fine papers." What evil has not been rooted out "on paper"?

Mrs. Page.—You are *so* unprogressive. But what would you have?

Mrs. Vashion.—I'm afraid I shall shock you, but I should lock every one of those editors, journalists, and temperance reformers into her own nursery with her own baby in her arms, and I guarantee she would learn more in five minutes than the Congress will teach her in five years.

Mrs. Page (*excitedly*).—Grand! Fine! *That's* the talk! We want you, we need you. You'd fill a house for us.

Mrs. Vashion (*astounded*).—Why, what do you mean? I? I? one of the unregenerates?

Mrs. Page.—Precisely. You are one of us. You have just expressed our principles, our vital hopes and aspirations.

Mrs. Vashion (*bewildered*).—I confess I don't see—

Mrs. Page.—Only we need Mothers' Congresses to spread our theories abroad.

Mrs. Vashion.—Good heavens! I see the spirit of the age has entered your veins indeed! You are incorrigible. But, by the way, what is the title of your address before the Mother's Congress?

Mrs. Page (*grandiloquently*).—"The Necessity of Living with Our Children!"

Annie Nathan Meyer.

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AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

VI.—The Historians, especially Prescott and Parkman.

It is the present fashion to speak lightly of the "Puritan conscience." Men and women apologise for the necessity of exercising it, as if it were an hereditary taint from which it is difficult or impossible to escape. Yet it is an axiom that the spirit out of which it grows has wrought many of our best achievements; and to a high degree it has dominated the most conspicuous writers of history in America. By ancestry, birth, and training, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman represented the essence of New England. They were all sons of Massachusetts and of Harvard, and at least three of them belonged entirely to that class of the community of which Mr. Howells wrote not long ago:

> "If one names over the men who gave Boston her supremacy in literature during the Unitarian harvest-time of the old Puritanic seed-time which was her Augustan age, one names the people who were and who had been socially first in the city ever since the self-exile of the Tories at the time of the Revolution."

The historians, in their inherited points of view, therefore, were much alike. In the precincts of the body, as of the mind, they were neighbours, for at various times of their lives they all lived upon or within a stone's throw of Boston Common. Yet the circumstances of their lives naturally divide them into pairs, Bancroft and Motley on one side of the dividing line, Prescott and Parkman on the other. Of all the four George Bancroft might be called least the Bostonian, inasmuch as he belonged most to the world that lies unseen from the State House dome. More than once he represented his country at foreign courts, and in national affairs at home he is not likely to be forgotten as the Secretary of the Navy who established the Academy at Annapolis. Long before he died, at ninety-one in 1891, New York and Newport had each become more his home than Boston or its neighbourhood; and such a thing could never be said of a Bostonian like Prescott.

John Lothrop Motley (1814–77), the historian of the Netherlands, stands by Bancroft's side rather than by Prescott's or Parkman's, in his relations with the world. Though less a man of affairs than Bancroft, he lived more in the world than either of the other Bostonians, by reason of their physical infirmities, could possibly do. Twice he was appointed a Minister of the United States, at Vienna and at the Court of St. James, and twice, under circumstances that reflect less credit upon our Government than upon him, he was recalled. In the main his life was that of a student and private citizen, whose gifts and personality of uncommon charm won him distinction wherever he might be. His biographer, Dr. Holmes, tells us how he shone at the meetings of the Saturday Club in Boston, and one knows that dim lights were easily overpowered when Lowell and Emerson and their comrades were shining together.

It would be impossible in the brief space of a single paper like this to give any adequate idea of four such men as the historians that have been named. The time may be spent to better purpose in looking more closely at Prescott and Parkman, who in many important points, though not all, stand related to each other more closely than Bancroft and Motley.

The "books without which no gentleman's library is complete" look very much alike on the well-ordered shelves. Their backs, nearly uniform, are as those of a company of persons whose lives are regulated by one unvarying set of conventions. Yet we all know what different stories their pages tell, and if we are curious to learn the histories of their own production, we find ourselves dealing with the most human of records, as various as the inmost lives of men. There are stories of patient toil, disappointments, failures, hopes, and noble victories, and the life blood of one man gives its colour to each separate story. What we read between the pages of Prescott and Parkman, who, like the blind historian Thierry, "made friends with darkness," is a tale of unflinching courage and successful struggle, not in spurts of a few months or

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years, but for a lifetime, against difficulties so disheartening that a man might own them too much for him and yet prove himself no coward. The "Puritan conscience," or the Puritan will, has rarely been put more rigorously to the test than in the work these two men elected to do.

William Hickling Prescott came of a stock that knew what struggle meant. His first ancestor in this country, John Prescott, settling in the Massachusetts Lancaster which was named for his English home, did brave deeds in King Philip's War. He was a man of stalwart figure, and struck terror to the Indians by entering the fight in a suit of armour, which he is said to have worn in service under Cromwell. The historian's grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, came from his farm at Pepperell to command the American troops at Bunker Hill. The grandfather of Prescott's wife, Captain John Linzee, commanded the British sloop-of-war *Falcon* as she took her part in the action of the same day; and any reader who recalls the opening words of *The Virginians* knows what became of the swords the colonel and the captain wore in the memorable fight. Prescott was well pleased, as he said in a letter to an English friend, by Thackeray's "very nice tribute to my old swords of Bunker Hill renown, and to their unworthy proprietor. It was very prettily done of him." When Prescott died the crossed swords were transferred from his library wall to a similar place in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The victories won by Prescott's father, Judge William Prescott, were those of peace. Daniel Webster declared that he stood at the very head of the Massachusetts Bar.

The boy who was to become the historian was the second of seven children, and was born in Salem on May 4th, 1796. When he was twelve years old his father and his family came to live in Boston. Here he was sent to the school of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, who, having himself been taught as a boy in England by the celebrated Dr. Parr, linked close together the learning of the Old World and the New. The stories of youthful precocity are not so abundantly told of Prescott as of many other men distinguished in later life. He learned readily, and came to care for books like any boy of quick mind in a family which did not give the first place to material things. When he entered Harvard College as a sophomore in 1811, it was not hard for him to stand well in scholarship, and to stand first seems never to have been his controlling wish. The pleasures of the place appealed to him quite as strongly as its duties, yet it is here that he is first found regulating his conduct by what he afterward called "the last infirmity of feeble minds"—good resolutions. "I shall never be too old to make them," he said again in later life. "See if I shall ever be old enough to keep them." In his own way he always tried hard to fulfil these better purposes, and imposed upon himself all manner of fines and forfeits to be paid for failures. What his own way sometimes was, especially in earlier years, may be inferred from an anecdote of his first travels abroad. An oculist in Paris had advised him to simplify his diet by never taking more than two glasses of wine a day. As he went from place to place, therefore, "one of the first things Prescott did was to require the waiter to show him specimens of all the wine-glasses the house afforded. He would then pick out from among them the largest; and this, though it might contain two or three times the quantity of a common wine-glass, he would have set by his plate as his measure at dinner to observe the rule in." In contrast with the superhuman strictness which ruled his later years, this record of boyish ingenuity is good to read. The work of a moment in his college days, however, brought about such dire results that the early acquisition of method as the law of his life stood him perhaps in better stead than any other portion of his training.

When the college officers had left the students in the Commons Hall one day after dinner, there was a frolic of a sort not unknown to later generations. Prescott had had no part in it, and was leaving the table when something caused him to look back. At the instant of his turning, his open eye, the left, was violently struck by a large piece of hard bread thrown without special aim in his direction. With the blind hero of the blind poet he might well have said,

> "Why was the sight
> To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
> So obvious and so easy to be quencht?"

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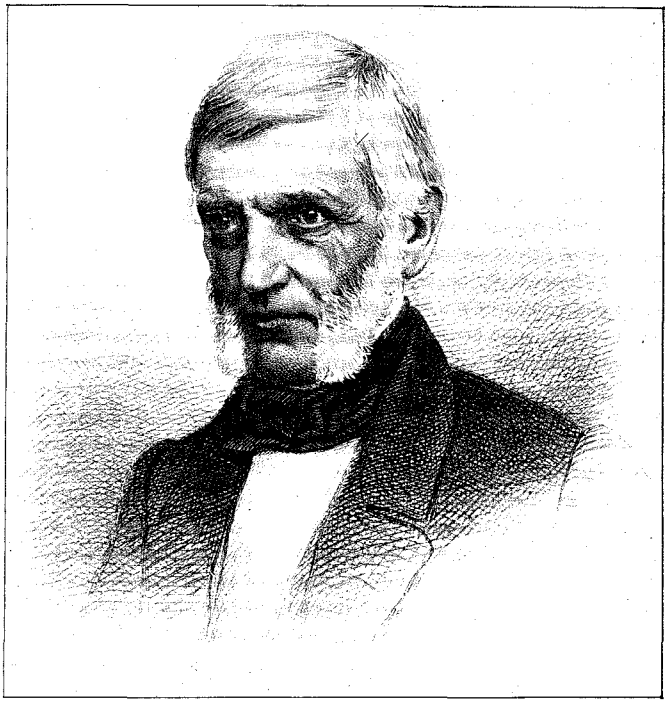
He fell senseless to the ground, was carried to his father's house in Boston, where he became alarmingly ill, and soon it was found that his left eye, though never bearing outward mark of the blow, had entirely lost its vision. After a few weeks he was able to return to college and, with greater caution, to pursue his studies, which he did with credit until his graduation in 1814. His family celebrated the day, and his reading of a Latin poem, "Ad Spem," a goddess he had good need to invoke, by entertaining five hundred of their friends at dinner under a tent in Cambridge. Whether the undergraduate who threw the bread was one of the guests, history does not relate; but it is recorded that, thinking himself unknown, he never expressed compunction for what he had done or sympathy with Prescott, who in reality did know him, and in later years, when the results of the accident had been long established, spoke the timely word which secured the offender a comfortable post for life.



George Bancroft

From a private plate etched by H. B. Hall, Sr., in 1868.

Nature could not have bestowed a more serviceable gift upon Prescott than that which enabled a friend to say of him: "He could be happy in more ways, and more happy in every one of them than any other person I have ever known." Very soon his resources of good cheer and courage were taxed to the uttermost, for the uninjured eye began to show that sympathy which an eye often expresses toward its injured mate to the utter disregard of the sympathy due to the owner of both of them. His right eye became inflamed and so painful as to affect most seriously the health of his entire body. Indeed, the defects of his vision seemed then and afterward to be but a part of a general rheumatism. Of the time that he was thus first confined in a dark room his mother afterward said: "I never in a single instance groped my way across the apartment, to take my place at his side, that he did not salute me with some expression of good cheer—not a single instance—as if we were the patients and his place were to comfort us."

His mother's father, Thomas Hickling, was the Consul of the United States at St. Michael's Island in the Azores, and thither the young man was sent in the hope that the sea voyage and the different life would mend his health. But he had not been there long when the dark room again became his habitation. Within its walls he sang aloud and exercised, walking hundreds of miles, he said, and his cousins, admitting a little light on the page of a book, read to him by the hour. But neither the life at St. Michael's nor the advice of the specialists he consulted in London and Paris, when he was able to continue his travels, gave him any mate-

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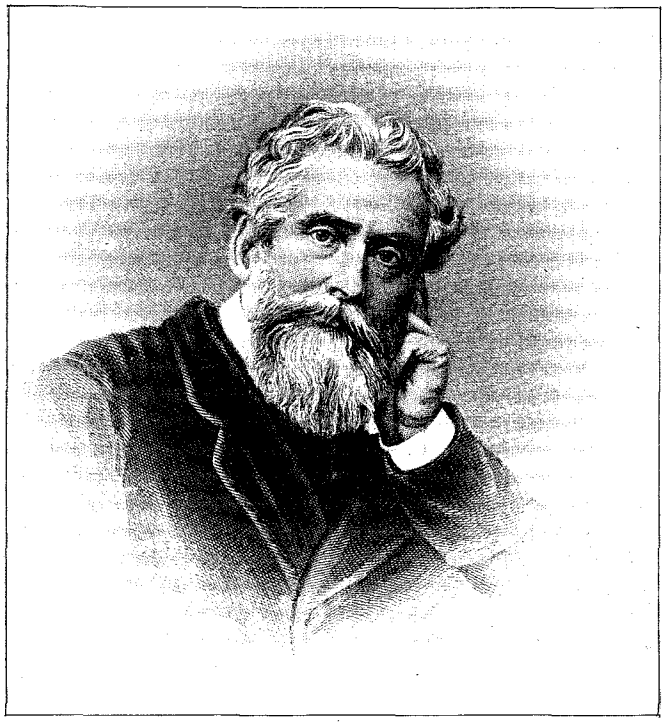

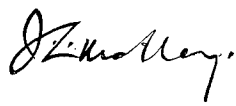

rial help. Nothing which he brought home with him in 1817 was of such value as his "noctograph," a contrivance made by one of the famous Wedgwood family for writing without using the eyes. It had the appearance of a portfolio, about nine by ten inches in size. When unfolded it was seen to be crossed by sixteen parallel brass wires. Underneath them was a sheet of carbonated paper, over the white paper which was to receive the writing. An ivory stylus, kept within bounds by the wires and an outside frame, made the impression through the one sheet upon the other. With this device all of Prescott's writing was achieved.

He did not proceed at once upon his return from Europe to make himself an historian, but first abandoned his hopes of studying law, and then married. Fortunately his father's means were sufficient to relieve him of the need of earning a living. A mercantile career, which his eyesight would have permitted, had no attractions for him, and strange as it may seem that a life of literary labour was possible when a "learned profession" was not, he deliberately made up his mind to undertake the profession of letters. He believed it to be possible to make his ears do the service of his eyes, and counting all the costs and difficulties, set about an elaborate preparation for his chosen work. He began at the bottom by studying Lindley Murray's grammar, and listening with critical care while the masters of English style, from Roger Ascham down to his own contemporaries, were read aloud to him. Then he attacked French and Italian. German appears to have been too much for him, and Spanish was taken in its stead. He was not like the person to whom Carlyle objected as trying to persuade himself and others "that he knows about things when he does not know more than the outside skin of them." The list of the books he read, and the uses to which he put his reading in scholarly contributions on various subjects to the "Old North," as the *North American Review* was nicknamed, would shame many a man with no more than the ordinary difficulties to contend against. The beginning of his Spanish studies was due to his cherished friend, ultimately his biographer, Mr. George Ticknor, who in the autumn of 1824 read him the lectures on Spanish literature which he had prepared for the Senior Class of Harvard College. Soon afterward Prescott was casting about for the subject of a history to which he should devote his serious efforts, and one of the personal Memoranda which he continued to make through his life is found to read, "I subscribe myself to the History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, January 19th, 1826." A letter which he wrote immediately to Mr. Alexander H. Everett, our Minister at Madrid, concerning his project, wrought a new injury to his eye, and when the

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WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

From an engraving by John Sartain, showing the historian's "noctograph."

›ooks which Mr. Everett was to send ıim from Spain arrived they found him ıtterly disabled. "With my trans-ːlantic treasures lying around me," he ,rote at a later day, "I was like one ıining from hunger in the midst of ›undance."

How was it possible, one asks, for a ⁻an in his condition to do anything? ˙he beginnings were indeed discouraging. His first reader knew nothing of Spanish. "I cannot even now recall to my mind without a smile," wrote Prescott near his death, "the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half-

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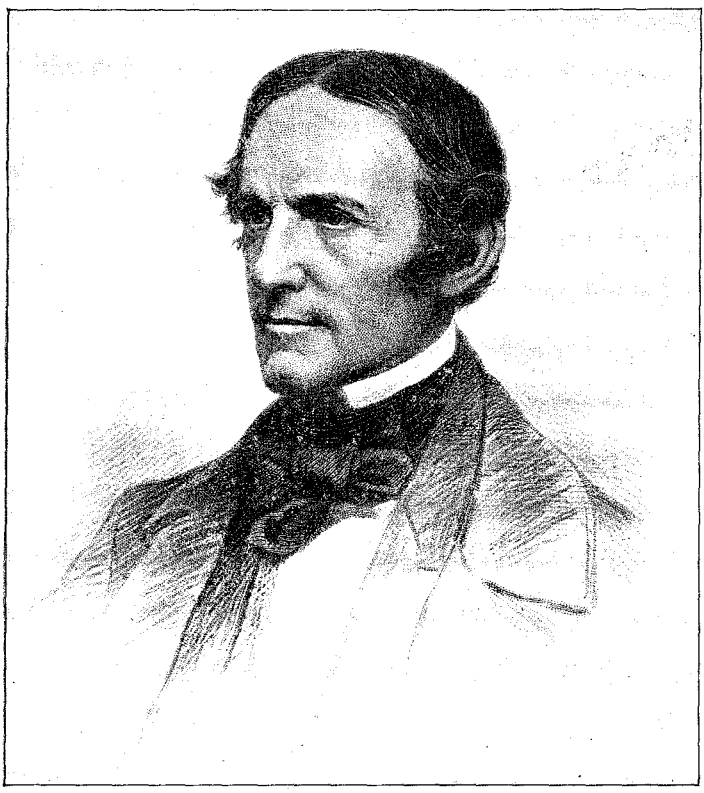

Wm. H. Prescott.

intelligible vocabulary." A second reader who knew the language was better, but best of all were Prescott's own strength and courage. As he listened he jotted notes upon his noctograph; afterward these were copied out and read to him, and as he exercised afoot or on horseback his vigorous mind brought form out of chaos. His composition was all done, the corrections were made before he began to dictate his successive chapters to his amanuensis. It is said that he could carry sixty pages of his printed work accurately in mind before committing it in this way to paper. The wonder is not that it took him ten years to complete his first work, but that he could do it at all. When *Ferdinand and Isabella*, bearing the imprint of 1838, was published, nearly two years after its completion, the author of it immediately received a place in the front rank of historians. Even the *Quarterly Review* was good enough to call it "by much the first historical work which British America has as yet produced."

The methodical habits of his early days constantly played an important part in his labours and his pleasures. His hours were so scrupulously laid out, that when the appointed minute came for putting down a novel that was read aloud to the family circle, Prescott was inexorable, no matter where or how the hero and heroine were to be left. If ten o'clock was his bedtime, he was capable, when the hour struck, of leaving a company of bachelor friends whom he was entertaining at dinner, telling them to call for whatever they desired, "and if you don't go home till morning, I wish you a merry night of it." In the morning when he was waked, he gave himself time to count twenty, and if he failed to jump out of bed when he had done so, he paid a fine of his own exaction to the servant who had called him. His tailor marked his clothes with the number of ounces each garment weighed, and being told exactly where the thermometer stood, he dressed himself accordingly. Every morning for a long period, even in the coldest weather, he rode on his horse from Boston to watch the sunrise from a particular spot in Jamaica Plain. In his library the blue window shades were so arranged that the light could be kept at a uniform dimness, even as successive clouds crossed the sun. The record of these rigors with himself could be extended to such an extent as to make him seem quite without the charm that springs from impulse, but it would not be fair to leave unmentioned the gentler graces of his life—the tender devotion to his parents, wife, and children, the social

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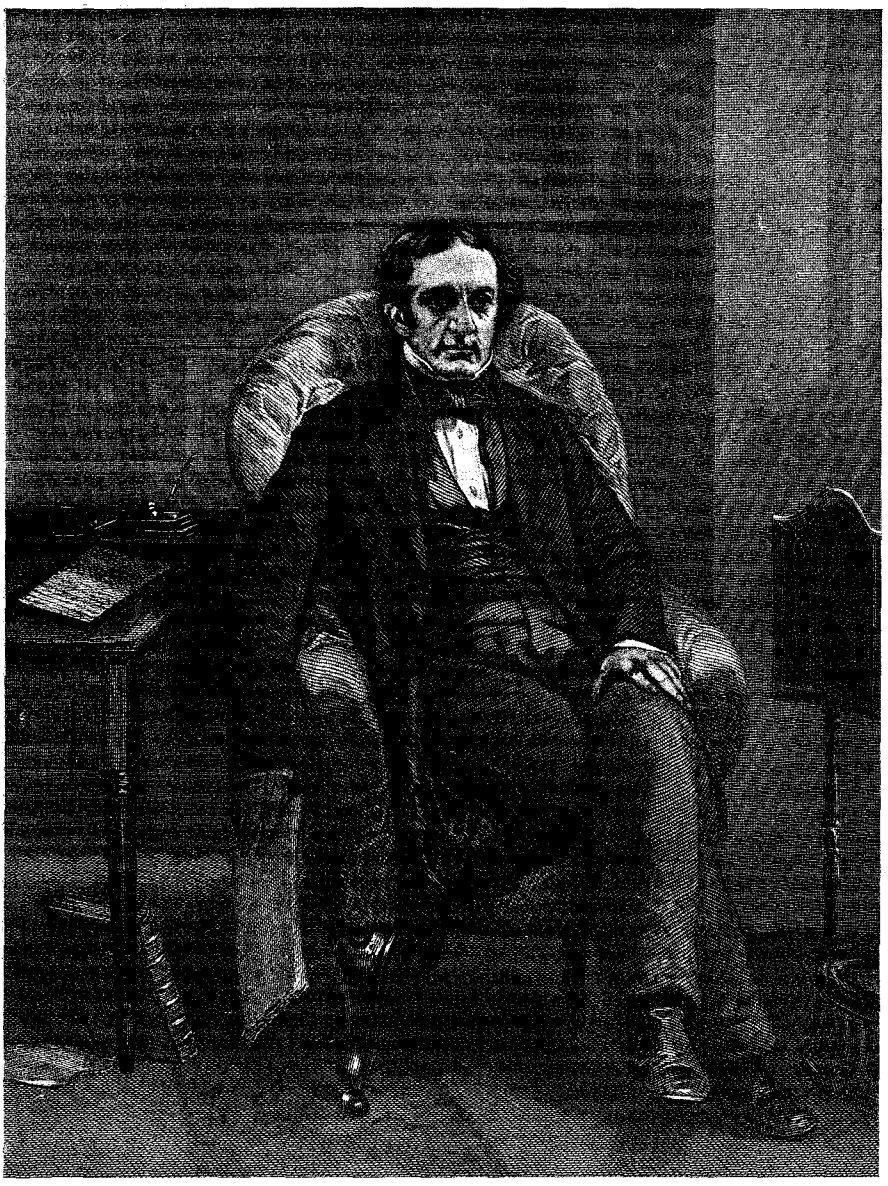

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

From an engraving of the painting by Chappel.

gift which made the acquaintance think himself a friend, and the friend know himself fortunate beyond most men in the friendship with such a man. In his father's house and his own in Boston, and the summer places at Pepperell, Nahant, and Lynn all these graces had the background of dignity and beauty.

Prescott's greatest popular success was won by the *Conquest of Mexico*, to which the five years of his life after 1838 were devoted. On the appearance of *Ferdinand and Isabella* Sydney Smith had said, "When Prescott comes to England, a Caspian Sea of soup awaits him." But it was not until 1850, three years after the *Conquest of Peru* had won him his third laurels, that he made the visit which was little less than a triumphal progress through the most inter-

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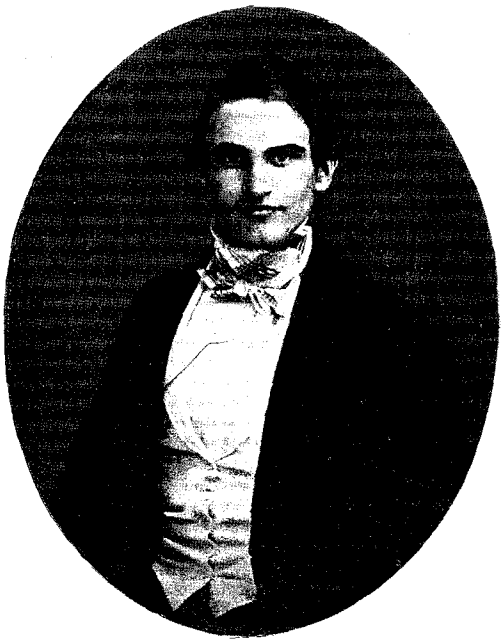
esting houses of England. He had friends before going, none more than the head of the family in whose veins ran "all the blood of all the Howards," and he made many others in his few months abroad. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* after Prescott's death declared that "the social charm of Mr. Prescott,



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FRANCIS PARKMAN.
From an early daguerreotype in the possession of the historian's sister.

indescribable in words, but certain in its effect, was a subject for general remark in all circles, amongst bishops sipping their tea at the Athenæum, and among young beauties rejoicing in their first Queen's ball." Whenever he gave up his literary labours for a time, his eyesight gained in strength. Indeed, the doctors had told him that by abandoning his studies he would surely improve his health in every way; but in 1848, after relinquishing even the slight occasional use he had been able to make of his eye for reading, he had written in his Memoranda, "At fifty-two a man must be even more crippled than I am to be entitled to an honourable discharge from service." Accordingly he kept his harness on until the last. The third volume of *Philip the Second* appeared only the year before his death, which occurred in 1859. A warning stroke of apoplexy had come in the winter of 1858. On January 28th, 1859, the second and fatal stroke befell him, and he died within a few hours.

It must be frankly admitted that, as a name to conjure with, Prescott's has lost much of its potency. With Bancroft in a greater, and Motley probably in a lesser degree, is he not now counted among the writers about whose work, since it is supposed to be read by everybody, it is safer not to ask too many searching questions? Parkman's popularity, on the other hand, is waxing rather than waning. His themes may have something to do with it, his nearness in method and spirit to our own time something more. As between Prescott and Parkman, the living American historian to whom the first place is most generally accorded to-day has no hesitation in saying that the reality in Parkman's work makes the difference in his favour. "In reading Prescott's account of the conquest of Mexico," says Mr. Fiske, "one feels one's self in the world of Arabian nights; indeed, the author himself, in occasional comments lets us see that he is unable to get rid of just such a feeling." Modern research has shown that many of the statements made by Prescott on what he accepted as good authority were merely such tales as one should expect from the land of Don Quixote. Parkman, as Mr. Fiske has suggestively pointed out, had the unspeakable advantage of dealing with a life upon which it was possible for him to look with his own eyes before he was deprived of their use.

Whatever contrasts exist between the work of Prescott and Parkman, they might each have made Sir Walter Scott's remark, "Author as I am, I wish these good people would recollect that I began with being a gentleman, and don't mean to give up the character." In fact, they began with being quite the same kind of gentleman, for Parkman's parents and ancestors were identified with much the same phases of New England life as Prescott's. Francis Parkman's lineage was of the same Brahminical caste of clergymen and Puritan settlers. His grandfather, Samuel Parkman, in whose house the historian was born on September 16th, 1823, was counted the richest merchant in Boston, and the boy's father, the Rev. Francis

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Parkman, was a Unitarian minister of no little eminence. Two long-established "Parkman Professorships" at Harvard College still stand for the interest of the family in the sciences of medicine and theology. Into surroundings the most propitious, therefore, Parkman, like Prescott, was born.

The authorised life of Parkman remains to be written, or at least to appear, for it is understood to be nearing completion. Whatever new details it may communicate, it can add little or nothing to our realisation of Parkman's personal courage. This is not to be gained so adequately from the many sketches of his career that were written when he died nearly four years ago, as from an autobiographical paper which was subsequently given to the world. Mr. Parkman wrote it in 1868, when, to be sure, he had still had a little more than a third of his life to live, and as he was starting for Europe handed it to a friend with the request that it should not be opened until after his death. When the Massachusetts Historical Society met to commemorate this event, his friend, the Rev. George E. Ellis, broke the seal of the parcel he had kept unopened for twenty-five years, and read the record which Parkman had written as dispassionately as a scientist describing a strange case of bodily and mental illness. From this record the present impressions are largely drawn.

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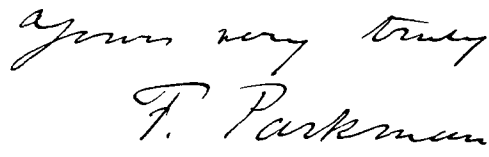

From an engraving, by Goupil, of a photograph taken in 1882, and now published for the first time.

Parkman's boyhood was not altogether the period of open-air activity which it has been depicted. There were four years, from eight to twelve, spent on his grandfather's farm adjoining the wild Middlesex Falls, when the frail little fellow learned more from the woods about him than at the "school of high, but undeserved reputation" to which he was sent. At twelve he returned to Boston, and here for four years he devoted himself as ardently to chemical experiments as, before, to collecting birds' eggs and trapping woodchucks. His hobby, he says, "served

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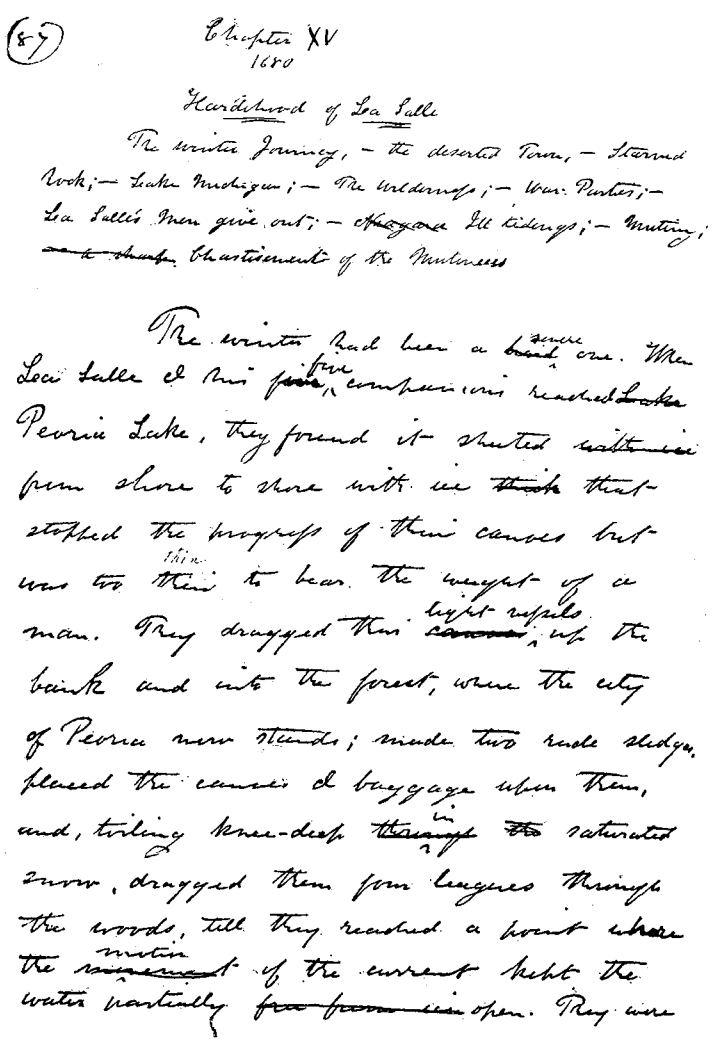

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT OF PARKMAN'S LAST BOOK, "LA SALLE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST," THE ONLY BOOK IN HIS HANDWRITING.

little other purpose than injuring him by confinement, poisoning him with noxious gases, and occasionally scorching him with some ill-starred experiment." But at about the time of entering Harvard College with the Class of 1844, his passion fixed itself permanently upon the life of the woods. His nature was such that he could never do anything by halves. The "nothing-too-much" principle of Prescott's life was totally foreign to him. His college vacations were passed in adventurous expeditions through the districts of New Hampshire and Maine, then almost unexplored. As early as in his sophomore year he resolved to write a history of the "Old French War" which ended in the English conquest of Canada. Here, he thought, the most stirring scenes of forest drama had been enacted. A brother of his grandfather, be it said, had served in this war as a private in a Massachusetts regiment. But the historian was doomed early to interruptions in his plans. An accident in the college gymnasium sent him to Europe in search of stronger health. Happening to be in Rome in Holy Week, he took his lodging in a monastery of Passionist Fathers, that he might better understand the monastic methods of the Church which ministered to the Canadian Indians. Everything was bent to one purpose. He returned home in time to graduate with his class, and afterward yielded for two years to his family's wish that he should study law. But his reading then, as in college, even to the neglect of other books, was directed to the theme upon which his heart was set. In 1846 he took the step, in pursuance of his inflexible purpose, which cost him almost fatally dear.

As he had learned much of woodcraft and a little of the methods of Rome, so he believed it necessary that he should know the Indian for himself. Accordingly he set out for what was then indeed the wild West with his kinsman, Mr. Quincy Shaw. "A highly irritable organism," he says of all this period of his life, "spurred the writer to excess in a course which, with one of different temperament, would have produced a free and hardy development of such

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faculties and forces as he possessed." It would be a misuse of words to employ any others than those with which Parkman himself summed up the most crucial portions of his Western experience :

"A complication of severe disorders here seized him," his words run, "and at one time narrowly missed bringing both him and his schemes to an abrupt termination, but yielding to a system of starvation, at length assumed an intermittent and much less threatening form. A concurrence of circumstances left him but one means of accomplishing his purpose. This was to follow a large band of Ogillalah Indians, known to have crossed the Black Hill range a short time before. Reeling in the saddle with weakness and pain, he set forth, attended by a Canadian hunter. With much difficulty the trail was found, the Black Hills crossed, the reluctance of his follower overcome, and the Indians discovered on the fifth day encamped near the Medicine Bow range of the Rocky Mountains On a journey of a hundred miles, over a country in parts of the roughest, he had gained rather than lost strength, while his horse was knocked up and his companion disconsolate with a painful cough. Joining the Indians, he followed their wanderings for several weeks. To have worn the airs of an invalid would certainly have been an indiscretion, since in that case a horse, a rifle, a pair of pistols, and a red shirt might have offered temptations too strong for aboriginal virtue. Yet to hunt the buffalo over a broken country when, without the tonic of the chase, he could scarcely sit upright in the saddle, was not strictly necessary for maintaining the requisite prestige. The sport, however, was good, and the faith undoubting that, to tame the devil, it is best to take him by the horns."

With the personal knowledge of the Indian gained by these heroic means, Parkman also brought back from the West with him a shattered constitution. But as he dealt with his difficulties on the plains, so he dealt with their results throughout his life. It was his purpose to tell the world the things he knew and meant to learn, and "reeling in the saddle with weakness and pain," he proceeded to do it. In 1849 *The Oregon Trail*, written originally as a series of papers for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, appeared as a book. In 1848, when his disorders seemed at their worst, the light of day being unsupportable to his eyes, and his brain driven to a "wild whirl" by any continued mental effort, he resolved to begin work upon *The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*. The physicians practically told him that it was madness, and he, rightly believing that his salvation lay in effort, gave them no heed. When he began his work he could not listen to the reading of the material he had long been collecting for more than half an hour at a time, and there were many days when nothing could be done. He made his notes with closed eyes upon an apparatus like Prescott's noctograph, except that it had no carbonated paper, and the writing was done directly upon the white sheet with a pencil. When the scrawls were deciphered and read to him, he mastered their import and dictated his narrative. There were the same humorous difficulties that Prescott encountered with foreign documents. "The language was chiefly French," he said, "and the reader was a girl from the public schools, ignorant of any tongue but her own. The effect, though highly amusing to bystanders, was far from being so to the person endeavouring to follow the meaning of this strange jargon." Yet in spite of everything his condition did improve, and in 1851 the book was published. Such was his view of the obstacles he always had to overcome that he believed the results of his work to be better rather than worse because of them.

In 1851, also, there was a new disaster in an effusion of water on the left knee, which plunged him into miseries of body and mind as intense as any he had ever known. But he was already at work upon his greater enterprise, the series of histories which now, in seven volumes, bear the general title of *France and England in North America*. It was fourteen years before the first of these was finished. In 1865 appeared *The Pioneers of France in the New World*. There had been many interruptions, one of four years, and others of lesser duration, from a single year to single months, weeks, and days. Meanwhile he had married and lost his wife, had journeyed often to Europe and to the scenes of his narratives, and had begun to collect the vast number of original documents now preserved in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. His eyes were at times stronger, so that he could use them, reading a minute and resting a minute for periods of half an hour, repeated several times in the course of a day. Then, again, he could write for a season with his own hand and vision. In 1854 he began to spend his summers at a country place in Jamaica Plain. Here, unable to use his eyes, he took to the beneficent work of horticulture, and

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did it so well that the *lilium Parkmanni*, the result of his experiments in hybridisation, perpetuates his name as the creator of a new flower. At various times he was President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a professor in the agricultural department of Harvard University, a member of the highest governing boards of his alma mater, and President of the St. Botolph Club in Boston. But much as he loved the intercourse with his fellow men, he had to limit his indulgence in it. The work of his life was the completion of his historical series, and this, in spite of all the obstacles that would have seemed insurmountable to a weaker spirit, he achieved the year before his death, on November 8th, 1893. A writer who lived only to begin his work, Robert Beverly Hale, has left these lines, which help us well to remember both what he began and what Parkman finished :

"With youth's blue sky and streaming sunlight blest,
And flushed with hope, he set himself to trace
The fading footprints of a banished race,
Unmindful of the storm-clouds in the west.
In silent pain and torments unconfessed,
Determination written on his face,
He struggled on, nor faltered in his pace
Until his work was done and he could rest.

"He was no frightened paleface stumbling through
An unknown forest, wandering round and round.
Like his own Indians, with instinct fine
He knew his trail, though none saw how he knew,
Reckoned his time, and reached his camping-ground
Just as the first white stars began to shine."

In that Prescott was blessed with a body less compact of weaknesses than Parkman's, and with a spirit far more readily schooled to discipline, the record of his achievements may be read in later years with something less of that triumph which every man feels in the victory of another. But no historian has told a tale capable of stirring the blood more quickly than the histories to be read between the pages of these two "friends with darkness."

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

The subject of the next paper in this series, to appear in the August number, will be "A Group of Humourists."

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

The approach of the warm weather appears to have had a certain effect upon our esteemed correspondents, now in giving a jaded air to their communications and now in stirring them up to a degree of temper unwarranted by the subjects under discussion. But enough of them successfully defy the proleptic depression of the canicular days to keep us up to the requirements of our work.

I.

Mr. Israel U. Sage, who again appears, is one of the worst sufferers from the influences of the season. He sends us a letter of six closely written pages of foolscap, and when we saw it we thought that the linguistic bomb had surely arrived. But it hadn't. Mr. Sage tells two or three stories, pays us a compliment, and then rather ramblingly objects to our notices about grammar. "Grammar," says Mr. Sage, "is not psychology ; it is not 'what one thinks ;' it is not the essential spirit of language." He also implies that it is not a *memoria technica*. But he doesn't tell us what it is. Incidentally he thinks Professor Price wrong in what he said about the use of "clever" in Virginia. Then he informs us that there has been "a marked falling off in the quality" of our work for several months past, though in another part of his letter he says that he reads "every month with unabated delight" whatever we produce. Finally he shows that he has not been reading his BOOKMAN as carefully as usual, for he devotes two pages to criticism of a signed article, in the face of our formal statement that we couldn't open our columns to that sort of discussion. Altogether Mr. Sage is not at his best in this last letter ; but we are glad that he is once more about, and we salute him with great esteem, even though he does say that we are "clumsily tautologous."

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II.

A lady writes to ask the proper pronunciation of Kháyyám, Rubáiyát, and Mrs. Deland's last name. We reply that the current pronunciation of Kháyyám makes it rhyme with "Siam;" that Rubáiyát is pronounced as spelled; and that Mrs. Deland's name is pronounced like a pure English word, to rhyme with "demand."

III.

The following came in upon an unsigned slip, and from an unknown source:

"We should think that this explanation would have occurred to anybody at once.

"—BOOKMAN, page 331.

"Didn't you mean:

"We would think that this explanation should have occurred to anybody at once"?

No; we meant precisely what we said.

IV.

Some one who writes from the Young Men's Christian Association of Madison, New Jersey, and signs his letter "Student," propounds the following, which he evidently regards as crushing:

"Is your metaphor on p. 239 (May), 'would open too wide a door and swamp the magazine,' good? In the next sentence you say 'we must consistently decline to go a single step in this direction'—that is, you decline to wet your feet in the 'swamp' that has come in a door 'open too wide.' A ship is sometimes swamped by a huge wave. Could such a wave come in a 'door'?"

Yes, we think our metaphor a very good one. We figured ourselves sitting in our office chair, listening to the roaring epistolary flood surging around in the hall near the elevator. We consistently declined to take a single step in the direction of the door, lest in a moment of weakness we might be tempted to open the door a crack and peek out, in which case the flood aforesaid would pour in and swamp the magazine. Well! so it would. And "could such a wave come in [at] a door?" Rather! We refer our studious correspondent to the celebrated case of Mrs. Partington *vs.* the Atlantic Ocean as reported by the Rev. Sydney Smith.

V.

Some one in St. Louis writes as follows:

"DEAR BOOKMAN:

"(1) On page 182 of the May number you have: 'The *committee* of award *are* Professor Moses Coit Tyler of Cornell, Professor C. F. Richardson of Dartmouth, and Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia.'

"(2) On page 183 is the clause 'amid the *flood* of travellers' observations that *clog* the press.'

"What process of reasoning allows you to use a plural predicate with a singular subject?"

(1) The word "committee" is a noun of multitude, and in the sentence quoted we were both thinking and speaking of its constituent parts. Hence the plural verb.

(2) In this sentence the subject of "clog" is the relative "that," which has for its antecedent the plural noun "observations," and not the singular noun "flood."

VI.

A lady asks us who are the great American humourists. If she means great humourists who are dead and gone, we refer her to any standard work on American literature. If she means great humourists who are living and still producing good humorous work, we answer sadly but conscientiously that there are none.

VII.

A Brooklyn gentleman sends us this short note:

"I note in your columns adequate mention of most of the new writers, English and American, but I have seen nothing as yet about Mr. Silas K. Hocking. What do you think of Mr. Hocking?"

Mr. Silas K. Hocking is not provocative of thought.

VIII.

From St. Paul, Minnesota, comes the terse inquiry:

"Why do you object to the splitting of infinitives?"

Because we consider it inelegant, besides being unkind to the infinitive.

IX.

This last query starts in our mind a train of painful thought, and we might as well get the thing over with right here. We are grieved to say of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie what was said long ago of Alexander the Coppersmith, that he hath done us much harm; for in the very number of the magazine wherein

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we said "that if an archangel sent us a communication containing a split infinitive we should promptly unsplit it," Mr. Mabie wrote down the baneful words "to fully enjoy." So you can imagine what followed. Our old friend, the *Evening Post*, noted this first, and then the letters began to pour in. The Lady Dedlock affair was nothing to it. Pretty nearly every one begins by asking whether Mr. Mabie is higher than an archangel, and then they go on to say other things. One learned and ingenious classical scholar, whose chirography we think we recognise, sends the following punning variant of Martial:

THE BOOKMAN TO H. W. M.

Difficilis facilis, morosus Hamabilis idem,
Nec possum tecum vivere nec sine te!

Now, we ask all these people to turn back to our archangel passage, and they will find it stated there that when articles are published by writers of distinction who sign their names, we do not scrutinise their sentences with great minuteness. And so in this case, we had already discovered and unsplit four split infinitives in the proofs of the June BOOKMAN, and by that time had grown a little weary. And to tell the truth, we had always supposed that Mr. Mabie was too humane to do any injury to a timid, harmless, shrinking little infinitive.

X.

Professor O. F. Emerson of Cornell University writes to protest against our condemnation of the word-lists in *Dialect Notes;* and he explains that these lists are not published as being anything but tentative and incomplete, and put forth for the sake of being amplified and corrected.

Well, we corrected one of them.

XI.

Some one in Wheeling, West Virginia, who with rare originality signs himself "Constant Reader," writes three very peppery pages, because the writer of the article on Marcel Prévost in the June BOOKMAN did not translate two of the passages quoted from the French—"and in the most interesting part, too," he plaintively says. He appeals to us to say whether the writer in question is not thus clearly shown to be a fool—such is the term used by "Constant Reader." We fear that we can scarcely consider this query with sufficient absence of personal bias to give it a thoroughly impartial answer.

XII.

A New Haven man, who, from the way he writes, must be a rusher on the Yale football team, comes at us with a bang. This is what he says:

"I suppose because one of your editors is connected with Columbia University that you think it right to falsify facts, in order to exalt that institution at the expense of others. In your mention of the lectures delivered at the various colleges by M. Brunetière, you credit Columbia with *six*. Now I have one of the printed notices, and it gives only *five*. So your claim of *six* is a *lie out of the whole cloth*."

If this gentleman will sit down in a shady place and fan himself for a few moments, we will give him a pointer and feed his mind. M. Brunetière delivered at Columbia University five lectures that were open to the general public, and one lecture that was open only to the officers and students of the University. Now at Columbia University, as elsewhere on this planet, five and one make six.

The Letter-Box is hereby closed until the appearance of our October number; for the individual whom one of our correspondents facetiously styles "the Misery Editor" is going away on his vacation. This intermission will give his constituency a chance to think up some real puzzlers against the time of his return.

PARIS LETTER.

In my last letter I called attention to the fact that in consequence of the double election that had just taken place, the membership of the French Academy was then complete, a very rare occurrence. This state of things lasted only a few weeks, until the death of the Duc d'Aumale, which took place, as you know, early this month.

The Duke was a real man of letters;

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he might have been (mind, I do not write he *would* have been) a member of the Academy, even if he had not been a prince. His history of the Condé Princes, from whom he inherited Chantilly, is a very creditable performance, and his pamphlet, *Qu'avez-vous fait de la France?* written nearly forty years ago, against the Imperial Government, deserves a place in the political literature of this century. Men of letters lost in him a genial and chivalrous fellow-craftsman; their gain is that now the Institute of France gets possession of Chantilly, of its magnificent library and art treasures, and of its income, which will make it possible to give assistance to able and needy veterans in the profession.

Another writer has just again caused the public eye to turn upon the Academy—not a septuagenarian, like the Duc d'Aumale, but a young fellow, hardly more than two years out of his teens, M. Fernand Gregh, whose book of poems, *La Maison de l'Enfance*, I mentioned to you some time ago as full of promise. The Academy has just rewarded the young poet with one of its prizes, whereupon people began to wonder whether it meant that the venerable literary tribunal sanctioned a number of departures from the old system of versification which are to be found in M. Gregh's poems. The rumour in Verseland was loud enough to make M. Sully-Prudhomme write to the papers an explanatory letter stating that the prize was awarded to M. Gregh because of those of his poems which conform to orthodox versification and in spite of the other pieces. So we may rest in peace, and Boileau need not yet come out of his grave and excommunicate the wearers of the green palm.

You cannot expect your Paris correspondent not to mention in his letter the terrible catastrophe of the Rue Jean Gougon. No man or woman of letters has, as far as I know, perished or been hurt in the disaster. One of them, though, was struck in his deepest affection; one of the victims was the wife of Vicomte d'Avenel, the author of a remarkable historical work on Richelieu, and of the no less remarkable studies on the *Machinery of Modern Life*, which have been appearing for some time in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Another death deserves mention here, that of Mlle. Élise Blonska, a Russian maiden lady, who was employed as a kind of secretary and librarian by MM. Clémenceau, Jules Claretie, Francisque Sarcey, and others. She was a queer-looking woman, an angel of charity, and an out and out nihilist and communist. Once, while she was putting Sarcey's books in order, and at the same time expounding to him her social or anti-social theories, noticing Sarcey's silence, she suddenly stopped and said to him, "You are not amiable, you; you are not as amiable as M. Clémenceau. *He* talks to me." "Well," Sarcey broke in, "what does he tell you?" "Why, the other day he told me, 'Blonska, you're an old fool!' I was delighted." I need not say that a good many men of letters followed her to her grave in the Montparnasse Cemetery. One of the gentlemen present stated that on the eve of the disaster he had dined with four people, every one of whom perished in the fire! Élise Blonska was one of them.

Among the oratorical outbursts called forth by the catastrophe I cannot say that any deserves attention as a literary performance, save the sermon preached by Father Monsabré in the Église des Dominicains, which was, it is said, intended to counteract the effect produced by Father Ollivieri's semi-political address during the State funeral at Nôtre Dame. I suppose that it will not be long before some naturalistic writer gives us in a kind of novel a description of the fire, of the deeds of heroism that were performed there, and also of deeds of another nature which are mentioned. In the meantime we must give our attention to the books of the month.

The most notable, undoubtedly, is Jules Huret's *Enquête sur la Question Sociale*, which has just been issued by Perrin and Company. You may remember that the same writer, a few years ago, published an *Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire*, which created a good deal of a sensation. It contained interviews with no less than sixty-four men of letters, all turning upon the kind of literature that was, or that seemed to be, about to triumph in France. The new *Enquête* also consists of interviews and letters. We thus have the views, real or assumed, upon the social question, of Baron Rothschild and Archbishop Ireland, of Paul Leroy-Beaulieu and Adolph Bebel, etc., but we have also a

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numoer of conversations with humbler folk, toilers in the field or in the workshop, which are presented by Jules Huret in a very striking, picturesque, and almost dramatic manner. The book is a good deal more than what it might be feared to be, an interviewer's note-book.

If you wish to become acquainted with very different people from Jules Huret's "subjects," you need only turn to M. Pierre de Ségur's *Royaume de la Rue Saint-Honoré*. As far as I know, this is M. de Ségur's first appearance as a man of letters, and we shall be glad if it is not his last. His *Royaume de la Rue Saint-Honoré* is the famous eighteenth-century salon of Madame Geoffrin. M. de Ségur has been singularly fortunate in his search for interesting documents bearing on his subject. Among others he had at his disposal Madame Geoffrin's own note and account books, very accurately kept by the celebrated *bourgeoise*, her letters to David Hume and the letters of Catherine II. to her. The book is a real treat for the lovers of the eighteenth century. What a pity that the Goncourts cannot read it!

Upon the same period I wish merely to mention here a more severe, but perhaps no less interesting work, *Mauperthuis et ses Correspondants*, by Abbé Le Sueur.

The French are not seldom accused of national narrowness. It seems to me that a fitting answer to the criticism is found in the reception given a serious book with a strange title, which has just appeared, *À Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*, by M. Edmond Demolins. The author boldly proclaims the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons over the French from an economic, social, and moral standpoint, and supports his thesis by a succession of serious studies. Thus far no one has accused him of being deficient in patriotism. His book is taken as a serious warning. Jules Lemaître answered it in a very thoughtful and somewhat uneasy article in the *Figaro*. Its statements provide many a debater with arguments. The impression produced by the book is a deep, but not an angry one. And I wonder whether this very reception is not a disproof of the author's thesis, and whether the Anglo-Saxons themselves would have treated with the same equanimity an English work insisting upon their faults, hiding their good qualities, and proclaiming the superiority of the French over them.

There was a great dearth, a few years ago, of works dealing with the most recent period of French history. We are now almost in danger of having a surfeit of such works. Here is a new work on the subject, the first volume of an *Histoire Contemporaine*, by M. Samuel Denis (Plon et Nourrit). It will honourably take its place side by side with Zévort's *Histoire de la Troisième République Française* and Pierre de Coubertin's *L'Évolution Française sous la Troisième République*. I must say, however, that not one of these works seems to me to come up, for style, merit of composition, and accuracy of research, to the level of the *Histoire du Second Empire*, of Pierre de la Goru, the third volume of which was published a little while ago.

We have not had many striking novels of late. *Invincible Charme*, by the woman who has adopted the *nom de plume* of Daniel Lesueur, has met with a great deal of success. It is a novel that no American family need fear putting into the hands of the young. I trust, for the author's interests, that she took care to have it copyrighted in Washington.

I must give just a line to a curious publication, *Paris-Parisien*, which provides the stranger with all the knowledge one should need for exchanging impressions with one's neighbour on the boulevard, sand not appearing to be a fool. Books, writers, painters, musicians, etc., are there judged in a word or two, and you need not take the trouble of forming your own judgment upon anything worth talking about. What a blessing!

Daudet has just collected in book-form, under the title of one of them, *Fédor*, a number of his short stories. No one need be told what a volume of short stories by Daudet is.

Fernand Vandéram's *Les Deux Rives*, published late last month, gets more readers every day. The author's *Deux Rives* are the two banks of the Seine. The book is far superior to its predecessor by the same writer, *La Cendre*.

I find no new play to mention this month that can be considered literature. Great things were predicted of a five-act verse tragedy at the Théâtre Français, *Frédégonde*, by M. Alfred Dubout. It will not survive its first sea-

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son, in spite of one strong act. Everybody credits for it the saying of *Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie*, "*Il y a un beau vers*," changing it to "*Ah! il y a un bel acte!*" The public will be attracted for a while by the beautiful scenery and costumes which are faithfully copied from Jean Paul Laurens's illustrations for the *édition de luxe* of Augustin Thierry's *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*.

In regard, not to dramatic literature, but to literature about the drama, I have to mention two important works, both being theses presented to the University of Paris for the degree of Docteur ès Lettres, one by M. Pierre Nebout on the Romantic Drama, the other by M. Desgranges, an excellent monograph on Geoffroy, the indefatigable dramatic critic of the beginning of this century.

Among forthcoming events I note the publication by M. Léon Bourgeois of a collection in one volume of his speeches relating to educational questions, and the performance at the Théâtre Français of a verse drama by Richepin, *Martyre*, of which I hear enthusiastic reports. It is declared to be far superior to his *Chemineau*, which is reaching its one hundredth performance at the Odéon before crowded houses. Richepin is, in some respects, an extraordinary man. Who knows what may yet come out of him?

The Café de Madrid, for a long time a favourite resort for Parisian men of letters, is about to close its doors and be transformed into a *brasserie*. I am told of an amusing anecdote about that café. The hero is Mario. Proth was one day passing the café arm in arm with poor Paul Arène. Arène was going in and urged him to do the same. Proth resisted, saying there were too many quarrels in that café, only people with hot tempers, etc. At last he yielded, and, five minutes after being seated, in a heated discussion slapped his contradictor's face. "You see," he said to Paul Arène, "is it not an impossible café?" And this reminds one of another very Parisian story and *mot*. It was in the last years of the reign of Napoleon III. Clément Duvernois, who had just passed from the Republican into the Bonapartist camp, was urging a friend of his, a man whom he judged to be amenable to the same arguments that had convinced him, to follow his example. "But," the friend objected, "what will my friends say?" "Oh," Duvernois retorted, "you will have only to change your café!"

Alfred Manière.

SONG FOR THE FUNERAL OF A BOY.*

I.

Upon a litter of sapling stems in bud
  Carry him, young companions, to the glen
High in the mountain's greenest solitude,
  And troops of rustlers shall precede ye then
    By bush and glade,
    Bright-flitting and afraid;
And as along its delicate shore ye pass
The dark lake, mirror of red pine shall glass,
Moving to hymns out of its silver ken,
The boy's fresh bier, with new-cut rushes laid.

II.

Mid gray-limbed beeches shall the roving fawn
  A hoof suspend, to learn from that clear sound
His light-foot brother is for aye withdrawn
  To the green-hung shades of soft and sylvan ground;

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From her blue hold
The tawny kestrel bold,
Weaving her circles, too, shall mark him come
Borne by root-paven paths, and wild bees' hum
Swing through your white procession, winding round
Fresh-odour'd alleys of the mountain old.

III.

Lay him at last in that low space of green
Where fleecy mists, bright leaflets newly rain'd
Cadet buds, and young springing shoots are seen,
And nothing yet to gnarled eld attain'd.
In his brown hair set
The chrisom violet,
Close in his hand the sling to him most dear,
The sheaf of arrows light, the holly spear,
The lute untroubled on the heart unstain'd,
And join'd around him, sing your last regret.

IV.

Praise ye the limbs that captured from the cloud
The horn-talon'd eagle, and for this small nest
Of blue eggs twain, alone embraced the loud
And everlasting sea-cliff's mighty breast.
Praise to the face
That smiled on nothing base.
Hymn ye the clearness of his happy soul,
Tell of his kindness to your secret dole.
The country-minded brook shall mourn him best
When ye have kissed his cheek and leave the place.

V.

As of a lark too high in heaven's deep
We catch his song no more. But O, when Night
With her vast torch that little pyre shall steep
In flame and cloud ; and when the bloom of light
With winged glow
Along the tops of snow
Declares to all the valleys night is done—
Think of the boy, O young companions bright,
Not without joy—dissolved away and gone
As dews, upon the uplands, shine and go.

Frederick Herbert Trench.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER XIII.

A WISE IGNORAMUS.

"God help me! I know nothing—can but pray."

It was Father Concha's custom to attend, at his church, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, to such wants, spiritual or temporal, as individual members of his flock chose to bring to him.

Thus it usually happened that the faithful found the old priest at nine o'clock sunning himself at the front door of the sacred edifice, smoking a reflective cigarette, and exchanging the time of day with passers-by or such as had leisure to pause a moment.

"Whether it is body or soul that is in trouble, come to me," he would say; "for the body I can do a little—a very little. I have twenty pounds a year, and it is not always paid to me, but I sometimes have a trifle for charity. For the soul I can do a little more."

After a storm of wind and rain, such as come in the winter time, it was no uncommon sight to see the priest sweeping the leaves and dust from the church steps, and using the strongest language at the bootmaker over the way, whose business this was supposed to be.

"See," he would cry to some passer-by—"see, it is thus that our sacristan does his work. It is for this that the Holy Church pays him fifteen—or is it twenty?—pesetas per annum."

And the bootmaker would growl and shake his head over his last, for, like most who have to do with leather, he was a man of small humour.

Here, too, mothers would bring their children—little girls cowering under their bright handkerchiefs, the mantillas of the poor—and speak with the padre of the Confirmation and first Communion, which had lately begun to hang like a cloud over the child's life. Father Concho would take the child upon his knee as he sat on the low wall at the side of the steps, and when the mother had left them would talk quietly, with the lines of his face wonderfully softened, so that before long the little girl would run home quite happy in mind and no longer afraid of the great Unknown. Here, in the springtime, came the young men with thoughts appropriate to the season, and sheepish exceedingly, for they knew that Father Concha knew all about them, and would take an unfair advantage of his opportunities, refusing probably to perform the ceremony until he was satisfied as to the ways and means and prudence of the contracting parties, which, of course, he had no right to do. Here came the halt, the lame, the blind, the poor, and also the rich. Here came the unhappy. They came naturally and often. Here, so the bootmaker tells, came one morning a ruined man who, after speaking a few words to the padre, produced a revolver and tried to shoot himself, and the padre fell on him like a wild beast. And they fought together, and fell and rolled down the steps together into the road, where they still fought till they were white like millers with dust. Then at last the padre got the strong man under him, and took the revolver away and threw it into the ditch. Then he fell to belabouring the would-be suicide with his fists until the big man cried for mercy and received it not.

"You saved his life," the people said.

"It was his soul that I was caring for," replied the padre with his grim smile.

Concha was not a clever man, but he was wise. Of learning he had but little. It is easy, however, to be wise without being learned. It is easier still to be learned without being wise. The world is full of such persons to-day, when education is too cheap. Concha steered his flock as best he could through the stormy paths of insurrection and civil war. He ruled with a rod of iron whom he could, and such as were beyond his reach he influenced by

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ridicule and a patient tolerance. True to his cloth, he was the enemy of all progress and distrusted every innovation.

"The padre," said the barber, who was a talker and a radical, "would have the world stand still."

"The padre," replied Concha, who was tenderly drying his chin with a towel, "would have all barbers attend to their razors. Many are so busy shouting 'Advance!' that they have no breath to ask whither they are going."

On the whole, perhaps his autocratic rule was a beneficent one, and contributed to the happiness of the little Northern suburb of Ronda over which it extended. At all events, he was a watchful guardian of his flock, and knew every face in his parish.

It thus happened one morning that a strange woman, who had come quietly into church to pray, attracted his attention as he passed out after matins. She was a mere peasant and ill clad. The child seated on a chair by her side, and staring with wondering eyes at the simple altar and stained-glass windows, had a hungry look.

Concha sat down on the low wall without the doors, and awaited the exit of this devotee, who was not of his flock; for though, as he often said, the good God had intended him for a soldier, his own strong will and simple faith had in time produced a very passable priest, who with a grim face went about doing good.

The woman presently lifted the heavy leathern curtain, and let out into the sunlight a breath of cool, incense-laden air.

She curtsied and paused, as if expecting recognition. Concha threw away his cigarette and raised his hand to his hat. He had not lifted it, except to ladies of the highest quality, for some years, out of regard to symptoms of senile decay which had manifested themselves at the junction of the brim and the crown.

"Have I not seen your face before, my child?" he said.

"Yes, reverendo; I am of Ronda, but have been living in Xeres."

"Ah! Then your husband is, no doubt, a malcontent."

The woman burst into tears, burying her face in her hands, and leaning against the wall in an attitude that was still girlish. She had probably been married at fifteen.

"No, reverendo; he is a thief!"

Concha merely nodded his head. He never had been a man to betray much pious horror when he heard of ill-doing.

"The two are almost identical," he said quietly. "One does what the other fears to do. And is your husband in prison? Is that why you have come back? Ah, you women, in foolishness you almost equal the men!"

"No, reverendo; I am come back because he has left me. Sebastian has run away, and has stolen all his master's property. It was the Colonel Monreal, of Xeres; a good man, reverendo, but a politician."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and he was murdered, as your reverence has no doubt seen in the newspapers. A week ago it was, the day that the Englishman came with a letter."

"What Englishman was that?" inquired Father Concha, brushing some grains of snuff from his sleeve—"what Englishman was that, my child?"

"Oh, I do not know! His name is unknown to me, but I could tell he was English from his manner of speaking. The colonel had an English friend who spoke so, one engaged in the sherry in Xeres."

"Ah, yes! And this Englishman, what was he like?"

"He was very tall and straight, like a soldier, and had a moustache quite light in colour, like straw."

"Ah, yes! The English are so. And he left a letter?"

"Yes, reverendo."

"A rose-coloured letter . . . ?"

"Yes," said the woman, looking at him with surprise.

"And tell me what happened afterward. I may perhaps be able to help you, my child, if you teli me all you know."

"And then, reverendo, the police brought back the colonel, who had been murdered in the streets; and I who had his excellency's dinner on the table waiting for him!"

"And . . ."

"And Sebastian ate the dinner, reverendo."

"Your husband appears to be a man

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of action," said Concha, with a queer smile. "And then . . ."

"Sebastian sent me on a message to the town, and when I came back he was gone, and all his excellency's possessions were gone—his papers and valuables."

"Including the letter which the Englishman had left for the colonel?"

"Yes, reverendo; Sebastian knew that in these times the papers of a politician may perhaps be sold for money."

Concha nodded his head reflectively, and took a pinch of snuff with infinite deliberation and enjoyment.

"Yes; assuredly Sebastian is one of those men who get on in the world, . . . up to a certain point, . . . and at that point they get hanged. There is in the universe a particular spot for each man, where we all think we should like to go if we had the money. For me it is Rome. Doubtless Sebastian had some such spot of which he spoke when he was intoxicated. Where is Sebastian's earthly paradise think you, my child?"

"He always spoke of Madrid, reverendo."

"Yes, . . . yes, I can imagine he would."

"And I have no money to follow him, . . ." sobbed the woman, breaking into tears again. "So I came to Ronda, where I am known, to seek it."

"Ah, foolish woman!" exclaimed the priest severely, and shaking his finger at her—"foolish woman, to think of following such a person. More foolish still is it to weep for a worthless husband, especially in public, thus, on the church steps, where all may see. All the other women will be so pleased. It is their greatest happiness to think that their neighbour's husband is worse than their own. Failure is the royal road to popularity. Dry your tears, foolish one, before you make too many friends."

The woman obeyed him mechanically, with a sort of dumb helplessness.

At this moment a horseman clattered past, coming from Ronda, and hastening in the direction of Bobadilla or perhaps to the Casa Barenna. He wore his flat-brimmed hat well forward over the eyes, and kept his gaze fixed upon the road in front. There was a faint suggestion of assumed absorption in his attitude, as if he knew that the priest was usually at the church door at this hour, and had no desire to meet his eye. It was Larralde.

A few minutes later Julia Barenna, who was sitting at her window watching and waiting—her attitude in life—suddenly rose with eyes that gleamed and trembling hands. She stood and gazed down into the valley below, her attention fixed on the form of a horseman slowly making his way through the olive groves. Then breathlessly she turned to her mirror.

"At last!" she whispered, her fingers busy with her hair and mantilla, a thousand thoughts flying through her brain, her heart throbbing in her breast. In a moment the aspect of the whole world had changed, in a moment Julia herself was another woman. Ten years seemed to have rolled away from her heart, leaving her young and girlish and hopeful again. She gave one last look at herself and hurried to the door.

It was yet early in the day, and the air beneath the gnarled and ancient olive-trees was cool and fresh, as Julia passed under them to meet her lover. He threw himself out of the saddle when he saw her, and leaving his horse loose ran to meet her. He took her hands and raised her fingers to his lips, with a certain fervour which was sincere enough, for Larralde loved Julia according to his lights, though he had another mistress—Ambition—who was with him always and filled his thoughts sleeping and waking. Julia, her face all flushed, her eyes aglow, received his gallant greeting with a sort of breathless eagerness. She knew she had not Larralde's whole heart, and, womanlike, was not content with half.

"I have not seen you for nearly a fortnight," she said.

"Ah!" answered Larralde, who had apparently not kept so strict an account of the days—"ah, yes; I know. But, dearest, I have been burning the high-roads. I have been almost to Madrid. Ah, Julia, why did you make such a mistake?"

"What mistake?" she asked, with a sudden light of coquetry in her eyes. She thought he was about to ask her why she loved him. In former days he had had a pretty turn for such questions.

"In giving the letter to that scoundrel Conyngham. He has betrayed us, and Spain is no longer safe for me."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Julia,

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alert. Had she possessed Larralde's whole heart she would have been happy enough to take part in his pursuits.

Larralde gave a short laugh and shrugged his shoulders.

"Heaven only knows where the letter is now!" he answered.

Julia unfolded a note and handed it to him. She had received it three weeks earlier from Concepcion Vara, and it was from Conyngham, saying that he had left her note at the house of the colonel.

"The colonel was dead before Conyngham arrived at Xeres," said Larralde shortly; "and I do not believe he ever left the letter. I suspected that he had kept it as a little recommendation to the Christinos, under whom he takes service. It would have been the most natural thing to do. But I have satisfied myself that the letter is not in his possession."

"How?" asked Julia, with a sudden fear that blanched her face.

Larralde smiled in rather a sickly way, and made no answer. He turned and looked down the avenue.

"I see Father Concha approaching," he said. "Let us go toward the house."

CHAPTER XIV.

A WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

"The woman who loves you is at once your detective and accomplice."

The old priest was walking leisurely up the avenue toward the Casa Barenna, when the branches of a dwarf ilex were pushed aside, and there came to him from their leafy concealment not indeed a wood-nymph, but Señora Barenna, with her finger at her lips.

"Hush!" she said; "he is here."

And from the anxious and excited expression of her face it became apparent that madame's nerves were astir.

"Who is here?"

"Why, Esteban Larralde, of course."

"Ah!" said Concha patiently; "but need we for that hide behind the bushes and walk on the flower-borders? Life would be much simpler, señora, if people would only keep to the footpath—less picturesque, I allow you, but simpler. Shall I climb up a tree?"

The lady cast her eyes up to heaven and heaved an exaggerated sigh.

"Ah, what a tragedy life is!" she whispered apparently to the angels, but loud enough for her companion to hear.

"Or a farce," said Concha, "according to our reading of the part. Where is Señor Larralde?"

"Oh, he has gone to the fruit-garden with Julia! There is a high wall all round, and one cannot see. She may be murdered by this time. I knew he was coming from the manner in which she ran downstairs. She walks at other times."

Concha smiled rather grimly.

"She is not the first to do that," he said; "and many have stumbled on the stairs in their haste."

"Ah, you are a hard man, a terrible man with no heart! And I have no one to sympathise with me. No one knows what I suffer. I never sleep at night—not a wink—but lie and think of my troubles. Julia will not obey me. I have warned her not to rouse me to anger, and she laughs at me. She persists in seeing this terrible Esteban Larralde—a Carlist, if you please."

"We are all as God made us," said Concha; "with embellishments added by the Evil One," he added, in a lower tone.

"And now I am going to see General Vincente. I shall tell him to send soldiers. This is intolerable. I am not obeyed in my own house!" cried the lady. "I have ordered the carriage to meet me at the lower gate. I dare not drive away from my own door. Ah, what a tragedy!"

"I will go with you since you are determined to go," said Concha.

"What! and leave Julia with that terrible man?"

"Yes," answered the priest; "happiness is a dangerous thing to meddle with. There is so little of it in the world, and it lasts so short a time."

Señora Barenna indicated by a sigh and her attitude that she had had no experience in the matter. As a simple fact, she had been enabled all through her life to satisfy her own desires, the subtlest form of misfortune.

"Then you would have Julia marry this terrible man?" said the lady, shielding her face from the sun with the black fan which she always carried.

"I am too old and too stupid to take any active part in my neighbours' affairs. It is only the young and inexperienced

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who are competent to do that," answered the priest.

"But you say you are fond of Julia."

"Yes," said the priest quietly.

"I wonder why?"

"So do I," he said, in a tone that Señora Barenna never understood.

"You are always kinder to her than you are to me," went on the lady in her most martyred manner. "Her penances are always lighter than mine. You are patient with her, and not with me. And I am sure I have never done you any injury."

The old padre smiled. Perhaps he was thinking of those illusions which she had during the years pulled down one by one, for the greater peace of his soul.

"There is the carriage," he said. "Let us hasten to General Vincente, if you still wish to see him."

In a few minutes they were rattling along the road, while Esteban Larralde and Julia sat side by side in the shade of the great wall that surrounded the fruit-garden. And one at least of them was gathering that quick harvest of love, which is like the grass of the field, inasmuch as to-day it is and to-morrow is not.

General Vincente was at home. He was one of those men who are happy in finding themselves where they are wanted. So many have, on the contrary, the misfortune to be always absent when they are required, and the world soon learns to progress without them.

"That man, that Larralde is in Ronda," said Señora Barenna, bursting in on the general's solitude. Vincente smiled, and nevertheless exchanged a quick glance with Concha, who confirmed the news by a movement of his shaggy eyebrows.

"Ah, these young people!" exclaimed the general, with a gay little laugh. "What it is to be young and in love! But be seated, Iñez—be seated. Padre, a chair."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Señora Barenna breathlessly, for she was stout and agitated, and had hurried up the steps.

"When, my dear Iñez—when?"

"But now, with this man in Ronda. You know quite well he is dangerous. He is a Carlist. It was only the other day that you received an anonymous letter saying that your life was in danger. Of course, it was from the Carlists, and Larralde has something to do with it; or that Englishman, that Señor Conyngham with the blue eyes. A man with blue eyes—bah! of course he is not to be trusted."

The receiver of the anonymous warning seemed to be amused.

"A little sweeping, your statements, my dear Iñez. Is it not so? Now, a lemonade, the afternoon is warm."

He rose and rang the bell.

"My nerves," whispered the señora to Concha—"my nerves, they are so easily upset."

"The liqueurs," said the general to the servant with perfect gravity.

"You must take steps at once," urged Señora Barenna when they were alone again. She was endowed with a magnificent imagination, without much common sense to hold it in check, and at times persuaded herself that she was in the midst, and perhaps the leader of a dangerous whirl of political events.

"I will, my dear Iñez—I will. And we will take a little maraschino to collect ourselves—eh?"

And his manner quite indicated that it was he and not Madame Barenna who was upset. The lady consented, and proceeded to what she took to be a consultation, which in reality was a monologue. During this she imparted a vast deal of information, and received none in return, which is the habit of voluble people, and renders them exceedingly dangerous to themselves and useful to others.

Presently the two men conducted her to her carriage with many reassurances.

"Never fear, Iñez—never fear. He will be gone before you return," said the general, with a wave of the hand. He had consented to invite Julia to accompany Estella and himself to Madrid, where she would be out of harm's way.

The two men then returned to the general's study, and sat down in that silence which only grows to perfection on the deep sod of a long-standing friendship.

Vincente was the first to speak.

"I have had a letter from Madrid," he said, looking gravely at his companion. "My correspondent tells me that Conyngham has not yet presented his letter of introduction, and so far as is ascertainable has not arrived in the

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capital. He should have been there six weeks ago."

The padre took a pinch of snuff, and held the box out toward his companion, who waved it aside. The general was too dainty a man to indulge in such a habit.

"He possessed no money, so he cannot have fallen a victim to thieves," said Concha.

"He was accompanied by a good guide, and an honest enough scoundrel, so he cannot have lost his way," observed the general, with a queer expression of optimistic distress on his face.

"His movements are not always above suspicion. . . ." The priest closed his snuff-box and laboriously replaced it in the pocket of his cassock.

"That letter . . . it was a queer business!" and the general laughed.

"Most suspicious."

There was a silence, during which Concha sneezed twice, with enjoyment and more noise than is usually considered necessary.

"And your letter?" he said, carefully folding his handkerchief into squares—"that anonymous letter of warning that your life is threatened, is that true? It is the talk of Ronda."

"Ah, that!" laughed Vincente. "Yes, it is true enough. It is not the first time; a mere incident, that is all."

"That which the Señora Barenna said just now," observed the priest slowly, "about our English friend may be true. Sometimes thoughtless people arrive at a conclusion which eludes more careful minds."

"Yes, my dear padre—yes."

The two gray-headed men looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"And yet you trust him," said Concha.

"Despite myself—despite my better judgment, my dear friend."

The priest rose and went to the window which overlooked the garden.

"Estella is in the garden?" he asked, and received no answer.

"I know what you are thinking," said the general. "You are thinking that we should do well to tell Estella of these very distressing suspicions."

"For you it does not matter," replied the priest. "It is a mere incident, as you say. Your life has been attempted before, and you killed both the men with your own hand, if I recollect aright."

Vincente shrugged his shoulders, and looked rather embarrassed.

"But a woman," went on Concha, "cannot afford to trust a man against her better judgment."

By way of reply the general rose and rang the bell, requesting the servant, when he answered the summons, to ask the señorita to spare a few moments of her time.

They exchanged no further words until Estella came, hurrying into the room with a sudden flush on her cheeks and something in her dark eyes that made her father say at once:

"It is not bad news that we have, my child."

Estella glanced at Concha and said nothing. His wise old eyes rested for a moment on her face with a little frown of anxiety.

"We have had a visit from the Señora Barenna," went on the general, "and she is anxious that we should invite Julia to go to Madrid with us. It appears that Esteban Larralde is still attempting to force his attentions upon Julia, and is at present in Ronda. You will not object to her coming with us?"

"Oh, no," said Estella, without much interest.

"We have also heard rather disquieting news about our pleasant friend, Mr. Conyngham," said the general, examining the tassel of his sword; "and I think it is only right to tell you that I fear we have been deceived in him."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Vincente spoke again.

"In these times one is almost compelled to suspect one's nearest friends. Much harm may be done by being overtrustful, and appearances are so consistently against Mr. Conyngham, that it would be folly to ignore them."

The general waited for Estella to make some comment, and after a pause continued:

"He arrived in Ronda under singularly unfortunate circumstances, and I was compelled to have his travelling companion shot. Then occurred that affair of the letter, which has never been explained. Conyngham would have to show me that letter before I should be quite satisfied. I obtained for him an introduction to General Espartero, in Madrid. That was six or seven weeks

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ago. The introduction has not been presented, nor has Conyngham been seen in Madrid. In England, on his own confession, he was rather a scamp; why not the same in Spain?"

The general spread out his hands in his favourite gesture of deprecation. He had not made the world, and while deeply deploring that such things could be, he tacitly admitted that the human race had not been, creatively speaking, a complete success.

Father Concha was brushing invisible grains of snuff from his cassock sleeve and watching Estella with anxious eyes.

"I only tell you, my dear," continued the general, "so that we may know how to treat Mr. Conyngham should we meet him in Madrid. I liked him. I like a roving man—and many Englishmen are thus wanderers—but appearances are very much against him."

"Yes," admitted Estella quietly—"yes."

She moved toward the door, and there turning looked at Concha.

"Does the padre stay to dinner?" she asked.

"No, my child; thank you—no, I have affairs at home."

Estella went out of the room, leaving a queer silence behind her.

Presently Concha rose.

"I, too, am going to Madrid," he said. "It is an opportunity to press my claim for the payment of my princely stipend, now two years overdue."

He walked home on the shady side of the street, exchanging many salutations, pausing now and then to speak to a friend. Indeed, nearly every passer-by counted himself as such.

In his bare room, where the merest necessities of life scarce had place, he sat down thoughtfully. The furniture, the few books, his own apparel bespoke the direst poverty. This was one who, in his simplicity, read his Master's words quite literally, and went about his work with neither purse nor scrip. The priest presently rose and took from a shelf an old wooden box quaintly carved and studded with iron nails. A search in the drawer of the table resulted in the finding of a key, and the final discovery of a small parcel at the bottom of the box, which contained letters and other papers.

"The rainy day, it comes at last," said the Padre Concha, counting out his little stock of silver with the care that only comes from the knowledge that each coin represents a self-denial.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ULTIMATUM.

"I do believe yourself against yourself."

Neither Estella nor her father had a great liking for the city of Madrid, which, indeed, is at no time desirable. In the winter it is cold, in the summer exceedingly hot, and during the changes of the seasons of a treacherous weather difficult to surpass. The social atmosphere was no more genial at the period with which we deal, for it blew hot and cold, and treachery marked every change.

Although the Queen Regent seemed to be nearing at last a successful issue to her long and eventful struggle against Don Carlos, she had enemies nearer home, whose movements were equally dangerous to the throne of the child-queen.

"I cannot afford to have an honest soldier so far removed from the capital," said Christina, who never laid aside the woman while playing the Queen, as Vincente kissed her hand on presenting himself at court. The general smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"What did she say—what did she say?" the intriguers whispered eagerly, as the great soldier made his way toward the door, with the haste of one who was no courtier. But they received no answer.

The general had taken a suite of rooms in one of the hotels on the Puerta del Sol, and hurried thither, well pleased to have escaped so easily from a palace where self-seeking—that grim spirit that haunts the abodes of royalty—had long reigned supreme.

There was, the servants told him, a visitor in the salon, one who had asked for the general, and on learning of his absence had insisted on being received by the señorita.

"That sounds like Conyngham," muttered the general, unbuckling his sword, for he had but one weapon, and wore it in the presence of the Queen and her enemies alike.

It was, indeed, Conyngham, whose gay laugh Vincente heard before he crossed the threshold of Estella's draw-

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ing-room. The Englishman was in uniform, and stood with his back turned toward the door by which the general entered.

"It is Señor Conyngham," said Estella at once, in a quiet voice, "who has been wounded and six weeks in the hospital."

"Yes," said Conyngham; "but I am well again now. And I got my appointment while I was still in the Sisters' care."

He laughed, though his face was pale and thin, and approached the general with extended hand. The general had come to Madrid with the intention of refusing to take that hand, and those who knew him said that this soldier never swerved from his purpose. He looked for a moment into Conyngham's eyes, and then shook hands with him. He did not disguise the hesitation, which was apparent to both Estella and the Englishman.

"How were you wounded?" he asked.

"I was stabbed in the back on the Toledo road, ten miles from here."

"Not by a robber, not for your money."

"No one ever hated me or cared for me on that account," laughed Conyngham.

"Then who did it?" asked General Vincente, unbuttoning his gloves.

Conyngham hesitated.

"A man with whom I quarrelled on the road," he made reply; but it was no answer at all, as hearers and speaker alike recognised in a flash of thought.

"He left me for dead on the road, but a carter picked me up and brought me to Madrid, to the hospital of the Hermanas, where I have been ever since."

There were flowers on the table, and the general stooped over them with a delicate appreciation of their scent. He was a great lover of flowers, and, indeed, had a sense of the beautiful quite out of keeping with the colour of his coat.

"You must beware," he said, "now that you wear the Queen's uniform. There is treachery abroad, I fear. Even I have had an anonymous letter of warning."

"I should like to know who wrote it," exclaimed Conyngham, with a sudden flash of anger in his eyes.

The general laughed pleasantly.

"So should I," he said; "merely as a matter of curiosity."

And he turned toward the door, which was opened at this moment by a servant.

"A gentleman wishing to see me, an Englishman as it would appear," he continued, looking at the card.

"By the way," said Conyngham, as the general moved away, "I am instructed to inform you that I am attached to your staff, as an extra aide-de-camp, during your stay in Madrid."

The general nodded, and left Estella and Conyngham alone in the drawing-room. Conyngham turned on Estella.

"So that I have a right to be near you," he said, "which is all that I want."

He spoke lightly enough, as was his habit, but Estella, who was wise in those matters that women know, preferred not to meet his eyes, which were grave and deep.

"Such things are quickly said," Estella retorted.

"Yes; and it takes a long time to prove them."

The general had left his gloves on the table. Estella took them up and appeared to be interested in them.

"Perhaps a lifetime," she suggested.

"I ask no less, señorita."

"Then you ask much."

"And I give all, though that is little enough."

They spoke slowly, not bandying words, but exchanging thoughts. Estella was grave. Conyngham's attitude was that which he ever displayed to the world—namely, one of cheerful optimism, as behooved a strong man who had not yet known fear.

"Is it too little, señorita?" he asked.

She was sitting at the table, and would not look up, neither would she answer his question. He was standing quite close to her, upright in his bright uniform, his hand on his sword, and all her attention was fixed on the flowers which had called forth the general's outspoken admiration. She touched them with fingers hardly lighter than his.

"Now that I think of it," said Conyngham, after a pause, "what I give is nothing."

Estella's face wore a queer little smile, as of a deeper knowledge.

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"Nothing at all," continued the Englishman; "for I have nothing to give, and you know nothing of me."

"Three months ago," answered Estella, "we had never heard of you, and you had never seen me," she added, with a little laugh.

"I have seen nothing else since," Conyngham replied deliberately, "for I have gone about the world a blind man."

"In three months one cannot decide matters that affect a whole lifetime," said the girl.

"This matter decided itself in three minutes, so far as I am concerned, señorita, in the old palace at Ronda. It is a matter that time is powerless to affect one way or the other."

With some people; but you are hasty and impetuous. My father said it of you, and he is never mistaken."

"Then you do not trust me, señorita."

Estella had turned away her face, so that he could only see her mantilla and the folds of her golden hair gleaming through the black lace. She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not due to yourself nor to all who know you in Spain if I do," she said.

"All who know me . . .?"

"Yes," she continued—"Father Concha, Señora Barenna, my father, and others at Ronda."

"Ah! And what leads them to mistrust me?"

"Your own actions," replied Estella.

And Conyngham was too simple-minded, too inexperienced in such matters to understand the ring of anxiety in her voice.

"I do not much mind what the rest of the world thinks of me," he said. "I have never owed anything to the world, nor asked anything from it. They are welcome to think what they like. But with you it is different. Is it possible, señorita, to make you trust me?"

Estella did not answer at once. After a pause she gave an indifferent jerk of the head.

"Perhaps," she said.

"If it is possible I will do it."

"It is quite easy," she answered, raising her head and looking out of the window, with an air that seemed to indicate that her interests lay without and not in this room at all.

"How can I do it?"

She gave a short, hard laugh, which to experienced ears would have betrayed her instantly.

"By showing me the letter you wrote to Julia Barenna," she said.

"I cannot do that."

"No?" she said significantly. A woman fighting for her own happiness is no sparing adversary.

"Will nothing else than the sight of that letter satisfy you, señorita?"

Her profile was turned toward him, delicate and proud, with the perfect chiselling of outline that only comes with a long descent and bespeaks the blood of a line of gentle ancestors, for Estella Vincente had in her veins blood that was counted noble in Spain, the land of a bygone glory.

"Nothing," she answered; "though the question of my being satisfied is hardly of importance. You asked me to trust you, and you make it difficult by your actions. In return I ask a proof, that is all."

"Do you want to trust me?"

He had come a little closer to her, and was grave enough now.

"Why do you ask that?" she inquired in a low voice.

"Do you want to trust me?" he asked, and it is to be supposed that he was able to detect an infinitesimal acquiescent movement of her head.

"Then if that letter is in existence you shall have it," he said. "You say that my actions have borne evidence against me. I shall trust to action and not to words to refute that evidence. But you must give me time. Will you do that?"

"You always ask something."

"Yes, señorita, from you, but from no one else in the world."

He gave a sudden laugh and walked to the window, where he stood looking at her.

"I suppose," he said, "I shall be asking all my life from you. Perhaps that is why we were created, señorita—I to ask, you to give; perhaps that is happiness, Estella."

She raised her eyes, but did not meet his, looking past him through the open window. The hotel was situated at the lower end of the Puerta del Sol, the quiet end and farthest removed from the hum of the market and the busy sounds of traffic. These only came in

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the form of a distant hum, like the continuous roar of surf upon an unseen shore. Below the windows a passing water-seller plied his trade, and his monotonous cry of "Agua—a—a! Agua—a—a!" rose like a wail, like the voice of one crying in that human wilderness where solitude reigns as surely as in the desert.

For a moment Estella glanced at Conyngham gravely, and his eyes were no less serious. They were not the first, but only two out of many millions, to wonder what happiness is, and where it hides in this busy world.

They had not spoken or moved, when the door was again opened by a servant, who bowed toward Conyngham, and then stood aside to allow ingress to one who followed on his heels. This was a tall man, white-haired and white of face. Indeed, his cheeks had the dead pallor of paper, and seemed to be drawn over the cheek-bones at such tension as gave to the skin a polish like that of fine marble. One sees many such faces in London streets, and they usually indicate suffering, either mental or physical.

The stranger came forward with a perfect lack of embarrassment, which proved him to be a man of the world. His bow to Estella clearly indicated that his business lay with Conyngham. He was the incarnation of the Continental ideal of the polished, cold Englishman, and had the air of a diplomat, such as this country sends to foreign courts to praise or blame, to declare friendship or war with the same calm suavity and imperturbable politeness.

"I come from General Vincente," he said to Conyngham, "who will follow in a moment, when he has despatched some business which detains him. I have a letter to the general, and am, in fact, in need of his assistance."

He broke off, turning to Estella, who was moving toward the door.

"I was especially instructed," he said quickly to her, "to ask you not to leave us. You were, I believe, at school with my nieces in England, and when my business, which is of the briefest, is concluded, I have messages to deliver to you from Mary and Amy Mainwaring."

Estella smiled a little and resumed her seat.

Then the stranger turned to Conyngham.

"The general told me," he went on, in his cold voice, without a gleam of geniality or even of life in his eyes, "that if I followed the servant to the drawing-room I should find here an English aide-de-camp, who is fully in his confidence, and upon whose good-nature and assistance I could rely."

"I am for the time General Vincente's aide-de-camp, and I am an Englishman," answered Conyngham.

The stranger bowed.

"I did not explain my business to General Vincente," said he, "who asked me to wait until he came, and then tell the story to you both at one time. In the mean time I was to introduce myself to you."

Conyngham waited in silence.

"My name is Sir John Pleydell," said the stranger quietly.

(*To be continued.*)

INSPIRATION AND POEM.

Within the brain we feel it burn and flit
  And waver, half alighting. Say who can,
Would not the glory on the wings of it
  Strike blind the eyes of man?

We lift the eager hand, again, again,
  Dreaming to catch it. (Surely it will fly!)
And, lo! a worm, stung with a freezing rain
  Of tears, crawls out to die.

Sarah Piatt.

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NEW BOOKS.

GREEK SCULPTURE.*

Ever since the completion of the excavations on the top of the Acropolis at Athens, a history of Greek sculpture, written in the light of the new material, has been eagerly awaited by the English-speaking public. Mrs. Mitchell's valuable work has for some years been out of date, and the second edition of Murray's history is inadequate in its treatment of the recent discoveries. The latest edition of Overbeck's monumental *Geschichte der griechischen Plastik* and Collignon's beautiful and valuable *Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque* have been available, to be sure, at least in part, to those who turn readily to French and German, but it has been clear enough for some time that a good history written in English ought to find a ready sale.

The publishers of this handbook have been fortunate in securing the services of so competent a scholar as Professor Ernest Gardner to do the work. The careful classical training of Cambridge University, actual experience in the work of excavation, and long residence in Athens constitute a preparation for such writing that could scarcely be bettered. Professor Gardner is, moreover, singularly free from the too common tendency toward rash theorising in the handling of his subject, he shows in general a thoroughly scholarly and scientific desire to understate rather than to overstate probabilities, and in harmony with this spirit he has the power of definite and simple expression. It is scarcely necessary to add that he has produced an excellent book. It more than makes good its title of "handbook," for Professor Gardner has succeeded in packing so much well-digested matter into his two thin volumes that it seems as if, with comparatively slight additions to the illustrations and notes, they would develop into a history of Greek sculpture that might easily rank with more pretentious works on this subject. Not until one reaches the Hellenistic period does the brevity of his treatment suggest meagreness, and this is certainly the point at which the necessary condensation is least disadvantageous.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the excellent features of this book—*ex pede Herculem*—and a few examples will suffice. The discussion of "Materials and Processes of Greek Sculpture" in the introductory chapter is admirable. It presents a subject the importance of which has in the past been too often overlooked, and which recent discovery and investigation have brought into greater prominence. In natural connection with this the emphasis laid throughout upon the technique of sculpture is most useful, and nowhere does it appear to more advantage than in the brief, but extremely good, discussion of the Parthenon Frieze.

In respect of the literary authorities for the history of the earliest period Professor Gardner is very sceptical, perhaps almost unduly so, but he states the reasons cogently for the faith, or lack of it, that is in him. The treatment of the difficult subjects of "Early Influences" and the "Rise of Greek Sculpture," including the development of types, is clear and satisfactory, though now and then possibly, as on pages 28 and 96, a rather more conscious process of æsthetic reasoning than seems quite natural appears to be attributed to the primitive artist. Similarly it seems a little fanciful to attribute to the sculptor of the "Harpy Tomb" self-satisfaction and a lack of the "stimulating discontent," which was to lend a new vigour, as yet absent in purely Ionic work, to the budding art of Greek sculpture. This, however, is a mere passing observation, and does not detract from the clear and admirable manner in which the differences between the Ionic and Peloponnesian styles are in general brought out. The significance of the "lax archaic style" of Ionia is made perfectly plain to the reader, and its importance as an element in Attic art is most clearly shown. As characteristically good might be singled out the discussion of the Parthenon marbles, in which Professor Gardner has most hap-

* A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. By Ernest Arthur Gardner, M.A. Two parts, I. 1896, II. 1897. London: Macmillan & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co.

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pily performed the difficult task of separating the essential from the less important matter, the omission of which is made necessary in a book of limited size. Excellent also is the brief discussion of the now celebrated female head found at the Argive Heraeum by Professor Waldstein (page 340). This head certainly possesses some of the qualities of both Attic and Argive art, and the reasonable view that Attic influence made itself felt in Argos at this time is surely likely to prevail. In the art of a later period it is satisfactory to see that Professor Gardner does not agree with Collignon in assigning the Otricoli Zeus to the school of Praxiteles. It seems extremely unlikely that this work should have its origin in any school earlier at least than that of Lysippus; and the usual view in this case may be accepted as the correct one. The general tendencies of the art of the fourth century B.C. are admirably summed up in § 44; this could scarcely be better done if many more pages had been written on the subject. The author shows here, and elsewhere, for that matter, how thorough and careful is his understanding of the tendencies of Greek life, not indeed alone on the artistic side, but through a knowledge of the literature as well, and so his book has that indefinable something about it which springs from a comprehension of those qualities of the Greek spirit that are in themselves the source of artistic expression.

The history of the development of sculpture among the Greeks is, of course, a subject which, when taken up in detail, affords an almost unlimited opportunity for controversy and difference of opinion. Archæologists may be perfectly well agreed as to the general features of this or that epoch, but it is not to be expected that minor questions, which are not subjects of demonstration, but which depend rather upon the sum of probabilities, will be looked at in the same light by every one. There are thus some minor matters in Professor Gardner's book to which objection may be fairly made, though there are few cases in which a candid reviewer would not be willing to admit that the opinion to which his own was opposed might not with some reason be defended. A few points of this kind are here selected at random. It seems hardly likely that the relief of the so-called "Mourning Athena" is to be assigned to so late a date as the beginning of the Peloponnesian War. As an example of the "minor art" of the time Professor Gardner truly enough says that it would be behind the attainments of the great masters, but we can hardly recognise this as a principle to be applied to archaic-looking reliefs in general. It may, indeed, suggest a possibility, but more than that is necessary to overcome the impression of earlier work that this relief makes. Again, why is the assertion so positively made that the celebrated "Capitoline Faun" is the satyr of the street of the Tripods in Athens? The evidence for this identification is extremely weak. Nor can it fairly be maintained that "everything is in favour of the attribution" of the "Venus Genetrix" to Arcesilaus. It is, indeed, true that the case of those who would trace the type of this statue back to the "Aphrodite in the Gardens" of Alcamenes is not actually proved, but it is a good deal stronger than one would gather from Professor Gardner's remarks. His view in this matter seems distinctly less reasonable and less characteristic than in the discussion, for example, on pages 235 and 245 of the identification of the so-called "Apollo on the Omphalos," or in the rather too sceptical attitude maintained toward Furtwängler's study of the "Athena Lemnia." Why, again, on page 300, is the "Porch of the Maidens" repeatedly referred to as the Pandroseum without an indication that the application of the name to this structure is, at least, very doubtful? In the treatment also of the recently discovered works of Damophon, the opinions of those who doubt the correctness of the old view, which assigns this sculptor to the first half of the fourth century B.C., are set aside with especial positiveness. It is quite too strong a statement to say that there is a "decided preponderance of evidence" in support of this date for him, nor, until the incorrectness of Dörpfeld's view in regard to the temple at Lycosura (*Athenische Mittheilungen*, 1893) can be shown, is it admissible to say that the late features in this building "may well enough be due merely to later repairs." The temple appears to be late throughout, and there is as yet no evidence of an earlier one on the same spot. The head of Demeter and that of Artemis

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might, to be sure, suggest a fairly early period, but that of Anytus, and the sculptured drapery, certainly do not. The literary and historical evidence in the question is at best merely negative, while the results of the excavations give positive testimony and shift the burden of proof upon those who deny the date that is inferred from them.

Among the proposed restorations of the Hermes at Olympia the theory of the bunch of grapes in the god's right hand is rather better supported than one would suppose from what Professor Gardner says; and in the case of another Praxitelean work, the reliefs from Mantinea representing Apollo, Marsyas, etc., his theory of arrangement overlooks Amelung's study, which certainly deserves attention. Furtwängler's discussion also, in his *Intermezzi*, of the date of the relief representing the "Marriage of Poseidon and Amphitrite" in Munich might well have been noticed.

It may seem almost ungracious to mention one or two slight errors in the book, they are so insignificant, but if, as is to be hoped, a second edition is called for, their correction would at least be some gain, however small. The Theodorus, pages 101, 114, whose name occurs in an inscription from the Acropolis, is much more likely to be a second dedicator than an artist. It is not probable, then, that any record of Theodorus of Samos is to be found in the inscription. Nor is the inference fair, page 250, that Pausanias fails to "realise the geographical conditions" in Attica. He does not say that the helmet and point of the spear of the so-called "Athena Promachus" could be seen from "off Sunium." What he does say is that they are visible to persons sailing up (*προσπλέουσιν*) from Sunium—a very different thing. There was no powder magazine, page 269, within the cella of the Parthenon in 1687; it was the supply of powder placed there for daily use that was exploded.

On page 450, note 3, the Greek accents need correction, and on page 235 the reference in the note should be to § 33, not § 43. On page 70, note 1, the sentence beginning "But he regards it" might be remodelled to advantage, and the same may be said of a portion of the note on page 151. Professor Gardner's own high standard is the excuse for mentioning such trifles.

The scholarly care which characterises his book as a whole makes it valuable far beyond its claims to importance, and certainly in this country it ought to prove of great service not simply to students of the classics, but also to the many individuals and art societies who study antiquity in places where only small libraries are accessible.

J. R. Wheeler.

ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE.*

Professor Murray's work forms the first volume of a series of "Short Histories of the Literature of the World. The general editor is Mr. Edmund Gosse, who, in his introduction, promises us a "succession of attractive volumes" for which he has secured the aid of "a number of scholars whose names guarantee a rare combination of exact knowledge with the power of graceful composition," while they are "pre-eminently recognised for their competence in each branch of the subject." Care will be taken "to preserve uniformity of form" (*sic*), and the books will be "accurate enough to be used in the class-room, and yet pleasant enough to be studied by those who seek nothing from their books but enjoyment." Little notice will be taken of "linguistic origins" or "purely philological curiosities," but "literature will be interpreted," under the special guidance of Mr. Gosse, "as the most perfect utterance of the ripest thought by the finest minds."

After such an introduction the ingenuous reader naturally looks forward to a number of fascinating chapters in which the incomparable beauty of the best Greek writers will be vividly made manifest to him. Unfortunately he will be disappointed. If he know nothing about Greek literature when he begins he will not know much more when he leaves off. The book, in fact, contains a quantity of observations on Greek authors, often very scholarly and able, but almost wholly unintelligible without considerable knowledge of their actual writings; so that if the later volumes of the series, which deal with the litera-

* Ancient Greek Literature. By Professor G. Murray, pp. vii., 420. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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ture of Hungary, Scandinavia, and Japan, exhibit a similar method of treatment it is difficult to imagine who will read them. We begin, for example, with a description of the "heroic saga" known as Homer or Homeric; then comes a description of the text, of its "Atticisms" and "Æolisms," of the way in which its subject-matter indicates its origin and age, and we are informed there are "3354 places" which demand "the restoration of Vau," while "in 654" it ought to be there "but is metrically inadmissible." About the immortal part of Homer, on the other hand, there is nothing whatever. Half a dozen lines are quoted here and there to illustrate an argument, but, except for these, after getting through fifty pages the reader would remain wholly ignorant why any one troubled himself about Homer at all. He would be in the position of an intelligent heathen who, wishing to know something about the Bible, had been set down to study Driver's *Introduction*.

It is the same all through. Except for one fine piece of translation from the *Agamemnon*, which shows what Professor Murray can do, there are practically no illustrations of Greek literature. Of the wit of Aristophanes or the wisdom of Plato there is not a word. To Socrates, who, it seems, was "subject to an auditory hallucination," but who never wrote a line, eight pages are assigned; while Aristotle, whose works are voluminous, and have had an unrivalled influence on thought, receives about three and a half, the *Ethics* being dismissed in *seventeen words*, which state that they exhibit traces of three hands. There are tedious lists of lost tragedies; there is an account of the Ionian philosophy, which finds its bond of unity in "a half-material hylozoism;" there is a discussion of the text of Thucydides, in which the reader will find that he never "wrote the absolute hodge-podge of ungrammatical and unnatural language" with which he is generally credited. Of Herodotus we are told, in a sentence which will terrify the ignorant, "that neither Ktesias nor Manetho nor Plutarch nor Panovsky nor Sayce" has convicted him of bad faith; while the names of Cobet, Rutherford, Müller-Strübing, Wilamowitz, Schwartz, Herbst, Ullrich, Kirchoff, and Çwiklinski, all occurring within a page of print, will suggest to the gentlemen who "seek nothing from their books but enjoyment" that they have at last found it. If anything can add to their enjoyment it will be the flattering sense that they are really beginning to understand Greek when they continually come across such words as "arché," "hubris," "mêchanê," and "hagos," or are met by such questions as, "how could a kômôidia go without its kômos?"

The fact is that this is a book written to order, and good books are not produced in that fashion. It is clear from the frequent brilliancy of his criticisms that Professor Murray might in time have written a history of Greek literature which would have been valued by scholars; it is possible that he might have achieved the more difficult task of writing one which would have been attractive to the general reader. As it is, he has been beguiled by "a general editor" into publishing a hasty work which to those who know Greek is of little service, and to those who do not quite useless.

T. E. Page.

THE ART OF ORGANISED LIVING.*

"One can't have everything," said a friend to the writer a few days ago; "we can't be literary and domestic too."

This is an old reproach. In the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, with her "dirt and vivacity," it may have been deserved. There is, in fact, some psychological basis for the fact upon which the reproach is founded. And before examining the two books now before us, it may be as well to ascertain whether, in the mental constitution of woman, there exists any reason or cause for this alleged incompatibility of temper and consequent divorce, between literature, or the higher education, and domestic science.

But science!

What attempt at science was there in the methods of the old-time housewife, or the queen of the kitchen of the

* Household Economics. A Course of Lectures in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin. By Helen Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Domestic Service. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

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Southern plantations "befo' de wah," who, when asked how much of such and such ingredients she put into her delicious mince-pies or fruit-cake, would invariably reply, "Law bless you, honey, I don't never measure; I jess puts it in tell it tases right"?

But the college-bred maiden, trained to consider cooking as the chemistry of the kitchen, attempts a remonstrance: I don't see how you can be sure of your results, Mammy, with such methods; exactness, you know, is vitally necessary in all chemical experiments."

"'Speriments!" says Mammy with a toss of her turban; "g'way fom here, chile, I ain't makin' no 'speriments! I's a cook, honey, and mo' dan dat, I done cook for yo' grandpa, befo' you was born or thought of; and if old Marster didn't know good cookin' when he eat it, den I'll give right up. Dar now!"

The appeal to one's ancestors, however illogical, is usually unanswerable; and the lady of science, forced to maintain her position in the teeth of all the traditions of housewifery of her own house, her mother's house, and the houses of her female friends and relatives, or to accept the reproach which we began by quoting, has nearly always chosen the last-mentioned horn of the dilemma. But as a matter of fact, the alleged incapacity of the literary woman in practical matters has long ago been demonstrated to be simply an incapacity for doing things imperfectly; and the college training of women, so far from unfitting them for domestic duties, seems now about to result in producing such a type of housewives and housekeeping as the world has never seen.

Mrs. Helen Campbell and Professor Salmon find it convenient to treat their several subjects historically; the only true method of dealing with any problem of our present problematical end of the century. The former, in her lectures on *Household Economics*, deals in this manner with the Family, the House, Decoration, Furnishing, Nutrition, and finally Organised Living. Incidentally, almost casually, it seems, Mrs. Campbell formulates for us the great obstacle to progress in the direction of domestic economy—I should say the two obstacles—Fatalism and Personification.

"Men and women leave college in possession of full knowledge as to the interior structure of the clam; but their own is a sealed book. . . . Blank ignorance on these points is accepted without the faintest thought of its disgrace or its danger. The human animal feminine trusts that instinct will teach her how to rule a house and guide her young. The human animal masculine believes that Providence arranges all these things, and that scientific cookery, sanitation, and all that, are the fad of a small school of cranks."

So much for Fatalism. As regards Personification, we have to reckon not merely with the ghosts of our ancestors, and "all dere fambly connection," as before stated; but as our author shows, every attempt to treat the subject impersonally and scientifically is transmuted into a personal matter in the mind of the hearer; this she charitably ascribes to a deficiency in brain power. "We can say 'my house,' 'my mother's house,' or 'Mrs. Jones's house,' but 'the house' we have as yet no brain-cell ready to hold."

We shall not attempt to give more than a glance at Mrs. Campbell's brilliant work; it is fascinating in style, teems with epigram, and abounds in truths which it behooves "us women" to consider; the spirit of the lectures is one of delightful idealism: "The ideal is the only real," she says. This ideal is to make the house a fitting tabernacle for the body, and the body a habitation meet for the indwelling of the highest.

But neither body nor soul can reach its fullest development when the one is afflicted with dyspepsia and the other nagged out of all semblance of inward peace; both which results are more than likely to follow any practical acquaintance with the "Servant Girl Problem," with which Professor Lucy Salmon of Wellesley deals in the other volume under consideration. The information upon which it is based was obtained through a series of blanks sent out to employers, employees, and for miscellaneous information in regard to the Woman's Exchange, the teaching of household employments, and other kindred topics. A mass of information was thus obtained, as to amount of wages, efficiency, privileges, difficulty of obtaining servants, and other matters. The discussion of these is prefaced by a survey of the history of domestic service from the eighteenth century to the present time; then follows a treatment of the subject from an economic point of view. It is remarkable that under this head Professor Salmon finds the chaotic

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condition of domestic service to be directly due to its being (perhaps) the only industry in the world in which the blessings of free competition are absolutely unhampered by any attempt at combination on the part of either employers or the employed. The only labour organisations among those engaged in this industry, the only strikes it has known are among the employees of hotels and restaurants; we might venture to add of livery-stable employees. In other industries, this state of things is injurious to the worker; in this it chiefly inconveniences the employer; and the employers being women, with a natural inherent tendency to put up with disagreeables rather than fight against them, no effectual remedy has yet been found. It is the employers who stand in the way of progress, says our author; each selfishly working for her own hand and not for the good of her employee, either as an individual or a class. But her disadvantages are impartially set forth as well as those of the servant; under the head of "Doubtful Remedies" are considered Housekeepers' Conventions, Training Schools for Servants, etc.; under "Possible Remedies" we find Possibility of Removing Social Disadvantages, Provision for Social Enjoyment, Abolition of Use of the Word Servant, and many others. With the last suggestion we cannot wholly concur, though we are at one with her idea of widening the significance of the word to include the farmer who produces the corn, as well as the domestic who cooks it. The title of home-maker, as suggested for the mistress of the house, in contradistinction to that of housekeeper, reserved for her "help," seems a trifle stilted and sentimental; and in this matter one would be glad to obtain the domestic of the future before troubling to find a name for her. Naming animals previous to any acquaintance with them was not required even of Adam.

It is significant that the conclusions reached by both authors point directly to the performing of much of the work now done in the family outside the walls of the home; the Woman's Exchange is cited in connection with this; one's own reading suggests that outside dish-washing is as possible as outside laundrying, and likely to prove as great a relief. Personally we believe that this will be the final solution; that drudgery will be relegated to the limbo of the unknown, where it will be done on such a large scale and so effectively as to become at once a field for the investigator, with his book and pencil; and with electric cooking and heating apparatus, curved chairboards and the latest thing in ventilation, the home-maker, trained in the principles of the Boston Cooking School or other similar institution, will regard her vocation not as a task but a profession, and her delight in its methods will bring ease both to soul and body.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

JOHNSTON'S "LATIN MANUSCRIPTS."*

Not many years ago the mention of palæography and its allied science, textual criticism, suggested musty manuscripts and the scholarly recluse. To-day we find the science established by the Benedictine, Mabillon, as well as that which is linked inseparably with the name of Richard Bentley, presented in an ordinary text-book for the use of high-school and college students. It is no longer an uncommon occurrence for the college graduate to make conjectural emendations with the readiness of a Lachmann or a Madvig, while our philological journals abound in the text-modifications suggested by these classical tyros, and the country parson glibly talks of the lower and the higher criticism.

Although we cannot but deprecate the rude and thoughtless handling of things so revered, it is nevertheless a gratifying testimony to the modern spirit of classical study that such important aids to the interpretation of the classics have not only been brought within the reach of ordinary students, but have been made readily intelligible and attractive.

In the work under consideration we have a very simple and pleasing introduction to the study of critical texts. It is arranged in three parts, the first of which is assigned to the history of manuscripts, and treats of their making and preservation, also of the publication,

* Latin Manuscripts; an Elementary Introduction to the Use of Critical Editions for High Schools and Colleges. By Harold W. Johnston, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in the University of Indiana. Chicago; Scott Foresman & Co.

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transmission and distribution of books. The second part, devoted to the science of palæography, treats of styles of writing and the errors of the scribes. Professor Johnston defines the former as theoretical and historical, while the latter he designates as practical palæography. The third part, under the title "Science of Criticism," is occupied with the methods and terminology of criticism, textual criticism and individual criticism. The latter term Professor Johnston has wisely adopted from the German "Individual-Kritik," in place of the much abused and indefinite "Higher Criticism."

The work is made more useful by the insertion of sixteen plates, facsimiles of manuscripts of Terence, Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, Vergil and Homer. With one exception the plates have been photographed from Chatelain's *Paléographie des Classiques Latins*. The facsimile of Catullus is from the Codex Romanus discovered in 1896 in the Vatican Library by Professor William Gardner Hale. The purpose in the insertion of the plates is simply to illustrate the various forms of writing referred to in the book, the square and rustic capitals, uncials and the various forms of minuscules appearing in classical manuscripts. The result from this point of view is quite satisfactory, and is thoroughly consistent with the professed purpose of the book. Students of palæography, however, will find very meagre material for work in their special field.

It is evident that Professor Johnston has found it difficult to bring palæography and hermeneutics down to the plane of high-school studies, and to bridge the chasm which exists between the scholarly and that which is merely popular. It is curious to find the puerile "see Webster" in a book treating of lipography, dittography, and the involved *stemmata* of a family of manuscripts. The result of this editorial straddle is hardly satisfactory; for while Professor Johnston has made a very readable book, it is *ni l'un ni l'autre*. In the early portion of the volume the popular predominates, and some important subjects—*e.g.*, papyrus, are hastily and unsatisfactorily treated. The important matter of abbreviations is limited to twelve lines, and the sum total of information conveyed is that the subject is one of great difficulty. Again, it is a serious question whether the high-school student will appreciate the more complete treatment of the science of criticism found in Part III.

The intention to make an elementary work has resulted in an unfortunate omission of references to authorities and of any form of bibliography. Information of this character has been found most useful in elementary text-books, such as that of Cæsar's *Bellum Gallicum*, and in a work of this kind it is imperatively demanded.

The work of Professor Johnston shows a praiseworthy freedom from error, both in the subject-matter and in the typography. We cannot agree, however, with the statement on page 17, which implies the existence of a second *umbilicus* at the beginning of the roll. There is no evidence in support of such a statement, and authorities such as Marquardt and Paoli explain the plural *umbilici* by a reference to the ends (*cornua*) of the *umbilicus*.

The style of the writer, which is in general very simple and direct, is marred by such sentences as these: "For such precious compositions as these were the parchments used that a king's ransom would not now purchase;" and again: "And hence the energy with which it is pursued, and the envy and hatred and malice and all uncharitableness which such an investigation discovers as that of Professor Gudemann (*sic*) into the history of the discussion over the authorship of the *Dialogue* of Tacitus."

Professor Johnston has reason to be well satisfied with the general impression which his work conveys, for it certainly gives testimony to his scholarly grasp of his subject. The publishers also are to be congratulated upon the very pleasing appearance of the book; for the large type and good paper go far toward making even an abstruse subject attractive and entertaining.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S "NEW POEMS."*

Delighters in these *New Poems* may feel that at last Mr. Thompson compels recognition of his great powers. They will have "An Anthem of Earth," "The

* New Poems. By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland and Day. $1.50.

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Mistress of Vision," and the "Ode to the Setting Sun" in their ears when they say so. But if they turn back to "The Hound of Heaven," and "A Corymbus for Autumn," they will be reminded that those were of a strength that needed no maturing. It is not so much an increase of compass or an outburst of unexpected energy that marks this volume from the two that came before it, as a faint difference in its temper. The closing lines of the book, addressed to his songs, are significant of a new note, a note of doubtful, fitful, but very personal hope.

"Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know
To-day,
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know
To-morrow."

He is still difficult, still learned in phrase, still scientifically experimental in metre. The critics who are angry with him on these scores can still with reason say that now and again he is slovenly about rhymes and little uniformities in lyrics where care for such trifles would mean much added exquisiteness. But his lyrics have never been so full of charm before. There is no blemish in the radiant "July Fugitive," in the wistful "Nocturne," and in "Field Flower." He is still reminiscent of great tunes we have heard from other poets. And yet as ever he is still his own very intricate and very individual self. The strange, strong mixture of Paganism and asceticism is still in the fabric he weaves. The wine of the old gods is native in his blood, else should we never have had his "Ode to the Setting Sun." A good Pagan spoilt, some will say, when they read the After-Strain to the same poem, with the vision of the Cross "gaunt and long 'Twixt me and yet bright skies;" and they will be right so far that in him we see no natural ascetic, confused and intoxicated with sudden earthly visions, but a Pagan painfully converted. Everywhere is the idea of conversion and renunciation, of their pain and their glory, renunciation not as an end, but a key, a path to regions infinite—regions surprising to the ordinary humble believer—

"Where is the land of Luthany,
Where is the tract of Elenore?
I am bound therefor."

From his master, Coventry Patmore, he has adopted one ruling idea—the sacredness of boundaries. In Patmore you find it expressed exquisitely—

"the soul select assumes the stress
Of bonds unbid . . .
And aye hath, cloistered borne,
To the Clown's scorn
The fetters of the three-fold golden chain.
—*Legem Tuam Dilexi.*

but without any sign of strife. In Mr. Thompson's poems the doctrine of the divinity of limits is subscribed to with ache and jar. The mortal and the immortal parts of him strive with each other. He is Christianised, but he is the rebel tamed.

"Not the Circean wine
Most perilous is for pain;
Grapes of the heavens' star-loaden vine,
Whereto the lofty-placed
Thoughts of fair souls attain,
Tempt with a more retributive delight,
And do disrelish all life's sober taste.
'Tis to have drunk too well
The drink that is divine,
Maketh the kind earth waste,
And breath intolerable."

But I think of the two the strugg.er will teach better the lesson of earthly obedience.

It is not yet superfluous to say that though he is difficult, though his fabric is woven of strange antique patterns, he is not remote from human calls and needs. In truth, for a poet so intimate and personal as he, difficulty is a natural veil of discretion. His wisdom, when you reach it through the splendid trappings, is simple enough. He is a poet of feeling rather than of intellect. This picture of the great moment of two lovers is not solitary:

"That falling kiss
Touching long-laid expectance, all went up
Suddenly into passion; yea, the night
Caught, blazed, and wrapt us round in vibrant fire.

"Time's beating wing subsided, and the winds
Caught up their breathing, and the world's great pulse
Stayed in mid throb, and the wild train of life
Reeled by, and left us stranded on a hush.
This moment is a statue unto Love
Carved from a fair white silence."

He is the tender harper of the songs of human fate—

"Whatso looks lovelily
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain;"

and like all the poets that have touched us deeply, he knows the strength of breaking, failing, dying human things—

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" It is the falling star that trails the light,
It is the breaking wave that hath the might,
The passing shower that rainbows manifold."

And he has told the whole pitiful story of mankind in "An Anthem of Earth." "In nescientness, in nescientness," man puts on the "fleshly lendings" of the Earth, "nought dreaming of the after penury."

" In a little joy, in a little joy
We wear awhile thy sore insignia,"

with high hopes and trust, till the Mother speaks to us as men. Then "in a little thought, in a little thought," we stand and gaze and see the ruin of joy, and know we have been deceived. But the instinct of living is strong, and "in a little strength, in a little strength," we face life again, though never more

" with spurted feet shall tread
I' the wine-presses of song."

The fruit of it: "in a little sight, in a little sight," we grow patient, waiting the wisdom of pain, till Earth reclaims her own "in a little dust, in a little dust." And then

" In a little peace, in a little peace,
Like fierce beasts that a common thirst makes brothers,
We draw together to one hid dark lake;
* * * * *
Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge
To the steep and trifid God; one mortal birth
That broker is of immortality.
* * * * *
Now, mortal-sonlike,
I thou hast suckled, Mother, I at last
Shall sustenant be to thee. Here I untrammel,
Here I pluck loose the body's cerementing,
And break the tomb of life; here I shake off
The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows: my cell is set
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble is ended
In a little peace."

There can be no question of the place of one who can tell us he is the brother of us all in words like these.

Annie Macdonell.

THE DISABILITIES OF HUMOUR.*

Is it possible that there is still a notion abroad that wit and humour cannot go hand in hand with sound, durable intelligence? The recent ineffectual candidacy for senatorial honours of that Prince of Humourists, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, perhaps points in this direction. Mr. Choate, in his liability to misconstruction as a humourist, occupies a middle ground between the Hon. Thomas B. Reed and Messrs. Depew and Ingersoll. It might be asserted, shrewdly rather than deprecatingly, that the last-named gentlemen, quite apart from the one's imponderability and the other's persistent dallying with an inevitably serious subject, could hold no high office in the gift of the people by reason of their irrefragable fame as wits. Theoretically, there are similar and equally valid reasons why Mr. J. K. Bangs might not have been elected mayor of Yonkers, or why Mr. Hopkinson Smith did not secure a reverent hearing for his Armenian views.

Between the popular favourite whose versatility entitles him to a twofold, or possibly a quadruple, recognition, and the man who plays the "straight political game," the average citizen does not long hesitate. Mr. Platt's gentlemanly reticence and talent for organisation, and Mr. Hill's self-control and care for details, are appreciable quantities, by virtue of which both men have been dubbed "statesmanlike and beneficent." In acknowledging the salient points of these characters, the plain man flatters himself, for are they not the glorification of his own every-day traits? Some things, however, are beyond his comprehension. Sentiment, a bubbling sense of humour, the apotheosis of ideals and principles, he regards with suspicion, as he does the poetic temperament from which they emanate. Humour, defined by Lowell as "the sense of comic contradiction arising from the perpetual comment which the understanding makes upon the impressions received through the imagination," is not considered a definite, practical basis for a political career. To the ordinary mind humour is, in the long run, ominously involved with the things one would rather have left unsaid. In a good politician it is not enough that there be a solid substratum of reason and common-sense; these must predominate and arrest the vision. There should be no flying buttresses, no interwoven traceries, no "gingerbread" work to confuse delight.

* Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

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The same popular bias in favour of earnestness has clipped the wings of clergymen and jurists and, at least since Carlyle, of writers. To the wearers of the surplice and the ermine, only a sly, sedate humour is allowed. Mr. Augustine Birrell and Dr. Robert Collyer have illustrated the exquisite possibilities of that subdued chuckle which is believed not to be derogatory to clerical and parliamentary dignity. But the moment some one like Dr. Joseph Parker or Dr. Talmage lifts up his voice in lurid jocularity, or a Mr. Haweis gabbles like a tinker or slumps hilariously into incoherence, the sober, sensible people who constitute the great body of readers and listeners assume that he is a square peg in a round hole, and express the fear that he is overworked and needs a vacation.

There is a general disposition to regard the humourist in literature as "an amusing kind of 'cuss' who writes puzzling little stories that make you smile." So "Q," says Mr. Stockton, is esteemed in England; and it may be questioned if either he, or Mark Twain, or Eugene Field is taken much more seriously in our own country. We love them all, but it does not occur to the average reader that they possess a wonderful insight or, primarily, the distinction of the artist. "Foolery does walk about the orb like the sun," and by the apparent ease and ubiquitousness of its shining one is led to deny serious consideration to "the fools." It is true that with them life is no laughing matter; but as long as their books continue to be, they are permitted to wear only the cap and bells. To be versatile is to be distrusted.

Now Mr. Jerome is versatile. His fellowcraftsmen are vaguely aware that he is an editor and a playwright as well as a humourist. But his readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, have already accepted him as a humourist. They expect from him "the idle thoughts of an idle fellow," and if they don't get them they feel cheated. These *Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green* possess an emotional interest, and are not prevailingly gay. Their lavender is washed-out blue or green; at any rate, indifferent lavender. The tears they elicit are crocodile tears, in which one sees reflected the face of Balaam's ass. "What have I done unto thee," she saith, "that thou hast smitten me these many times? Thou knowest that I am not thine ass." There is a little Chicagoan doggerel, an echo from the *Sabine Farm*, which has a pertinent, and I trust not an impertinent, application to Mr. Jerome's colour scheme:

"Should a patron require you to paint a marine,
Would you work in some trees with their barks on?
When his strict orders are for a Japanese jar,
Would you give him a pitcher like Clarkson?"

George Merriam Hyde.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES.*

Mr. Gosse's delightful work, published fourteen years ago, ran through two editions, and thereby made one think admiring things of public taste at last; and we have to thank Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company for its present reissue in our country. A happy book, beautiful to look at and to handle, it starts once again on a career. It would not be rash to say that it ranks as the first of its class in English, and that it would rank among the first even in French, where are to be found many like literary estimates, made with authority, and carried out in a manner sympathetic and final. Mr. Gosse has always shown a most sensitive knowledge of the history of *belles-lettres*, and he has written at least four other volumes which illustrate it. But the *Seventeenth Century Studies*, which came earliest, are still the best. With nameless grace and a certain quiet force, every one of these "maimed and broken poets" is painted. Here Lodge, Webster, Herrick, Crashaw, Cowley, Otway, stand in line as in a dynastic gallery, and only here are the charming faces of Rowlands, Orinda, and Etheredge preserved at all. Each chapter well fulfils the author's purpose, inasmuch as it is "truth told definitely and exhaustively," and presents "an exhaustive critical biography in miniature." Mr. Gosse's touch is sure and concrete enough. To turn against it a few of his own exquisite adjectives, it is full, clear, suave, bright; and about all the

* Seventeenth Century Studies: A Contribution to the History of English Poetry. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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work he does after his own heart is a largeness of perspective, a balance, a depth, a relativity which it were hardly possible to overrate. As Thoreau said of Raleigh's prose style, "a man can ride on horseback through the openings." Or like some crowded harmonious high-relief of the Renaissance, his page gives pleasure so far as one cares to search; behind the major heads, in their chaplets, standing forth almost in the round, are others hardly less in aggressive beauty, and still farther back one perceives a tier or two of strangely interesting faces, vague, but individual, vanishing accidents which the artist finds not unworthy of his compassionate thought.

Exactly as noteworthy in Mr. Gosse as this rare sense of values and proportions, which by itself is as much a matter of intellect as of culture, is the quality of human sympathy. So perfect is his temper as he picks his way among conjectures and controversies, that to match it we must revert to no annalist less sweet than Walton, and to no advocate less great than Newman. He appraises, in the pathetic names which he chooses to rescue from the *Limbus Patrum*, the unuttered forces by which, no less than by their achievement, they live. Some little tyranny of his own understanding has driven him into narrative and expatiation; and therefore, for his satisfaction of conscience, and our very great profit, we have, in every case, the memoir inwoven with the criticism, vines in blossom along the whole length of the stone-wall. No other English scholar and antiquary has been so generously troubled by the hectic passion of Ford or Otway, the shadow of mysticism deepening over Crashaw, the denied lyric opportunity of the dead soldiers and publicists who should have been "allowed to sun themselves unmolested about the fountains of Whitehall." Having ever in mind the important distinction between a man's nature and his art, with a wide survey of his subject, Mr. Gosse sets to work on the analysis of a single folio or the impartial appreciation of a memorable minor muse. More fully than Stevenson in the *Familiar Studies*, or Vernon Lee in a unique gift to musicians, *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy* (books which in scope, though not in treatment, are somewhat similar to this), he has "looked before and after" in the bygone world of which he writes; he is acquainted not only with his hero, but with that hero's good angel and his link-boy. In a hundred irradiating phrases, topics not dwelt upon gleam and pass; the mention is sufficiently characteristic of the Shakespearean Hesper and Phosphor: "Marlowe in the pride of his youth, Sidney in his posthumous glory." Such suggestive parentheses prepare one for later illuminations from Mr. Gosse, for the difficult, subtle, and very splendid exposition of Donne in *The Jacobean Poets*, or for almost the first just word of Rochester's noble genius in ruin. Truly here is one who knows his seventeenth century, were it picked up, "anonymous, on Pitcairn Island!"

Again, in the matter of interpretation of the literary temperament Mr. Gosse has no peer. Other experts have succeeded in ranking writers; he chiefly must fulfil the ideal of Mr. R. H. Hutton, by ranking and portraying them at a stroke. Indeed, the extraordinary felicity of his portraiture distracts the eye from the more serious business in hand. Witness the sketch of Lord de Tabley in *Critical Kit-Kats*, where every wizard paragraph victoriously says the unsayable, and where imagination cannot help on a synthesis, as with Mr. Henry James. But in these spirited pioneer essays prior to 1883, the affectionate labours of a young man, we have the maiden evidences of a power now in its prime, and disposed, let us hope, to enrich us further. Kind, true, unprofessorial, they are "as good as clotted cream" to the general. They are also a lasting treasure to the few who keep their regard sacred to pure literature, to golden learning modestly sheathed in easy, almost gay reading, and to themes so magical and old that they seem to their lovers

"Above the light of the morning star."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

A HISTORY OF CANADA.*

In Canada, at least, has been long felt the need of a shorter history of the northern half of the continent. For

* A History of Canada. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $2.00.

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while, in its other branches, our literature has prospered during the twenty years that have elapsed since Confederation, the field of history seems to have been neglected. Parkman and Garneau, to whose works, of course, all future historians must be greatly indebted, have given us records invaluable as far as they go ; but he who would read how Canada has become a nation must search through the many—good and bad, French and English—local or sectional histories. And in these, even, the author is more likely to deal with the earlier years of his particular district than with the later. As for the one or two histories in use in the schools, they are notoriously inadequate and entirely lacking in interest.

Under these circumstances, it is a matter for congratulation that the author of the newest history of Canada is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts—the most widely known of Canadian poets and writers of romance, and one of the most earnest students of history and politics. Admirably conceived as a whole, and duly proportioned, on every page the volume bears evidence of its author's long and careful literary training. Except in one or two instances, the story moves with a wonderful clearness and simplicity ; seldom is there an attempt at fine writing without a notable example of fine thinking. In recounting episodes such as the feud between De la Tour and Charnisay, the heroism of "Daulac's seventeen," or the daring deed of the schooner *Simcoe*—episodes as romantic as the most famous in

> "any history
> That is written in any book,"

the author's style has the charm of the pages of *The Old Régime in Canada*. Commonly, the vexed questions are fairly treated : whether we read of the expulsion of the Acadians or of the Loyalists, of Moravian Town or Chrysler's Farm, we are conscious that Professor Roberts has chosen his material honestly.

The work is divided into the three periods of *French*, *English*, and *Canadian* dominion. The fall of Montreal, in 1760, marks the end of the French rule ; and Confederation, in 1867, the beginning of the Canadian Dominion. The first three chapters are concerned chiefly with the numerous voyages of discovery and exploration from the time of Eric the Red to the death of Champlain. Here the narrative suffers from a perhaps unavoidable compression ; but with "the coming of the Scotch to Acadie" the record grows clearer. The story of the long struggle between the Lions and the Lilies for the mastery of northern America is told with great skill ; and the chapter on the customs of the French and life in old Canada, which closes the account of the French Dominion, is as valuable as it is interesting.

Although the second division treats of events so momentous as the Revolution and the War of 1812, to the Canadian the pages of most worth are those that tell of the struggle for responsible government. From 1774, when the passage of the Quebec Act introduced the French civil law and established the Roman Catholic religion, until the year 1848, when the principle of responsible government triumphed in the provinces of Upper Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, the history of Canada is the history of the strife between the government and the people. Professor Roberts's exposition of the movement—a movement complicated in the extreme—is far clearer than any we have yet had ; his record of the various phases of the struggle in the different provinces is concise and complete, and the judgments passed on men and events are always unprejudiced.

But in spite of the able pages on the Northwest Rebellion, the Canada Pacific Railway, and the Fisheries Dispute, Professor Roberts's treatment of the third period—the period of consolidation and expansion—is, to some extent, marred by his over-patriotic—or, at least, uncritical—view of the "present conditions and the outlook." It has been too much the fashion of late for Canadian writers to overestimate the importance and value of their country. Phrases such as "this Canada of ours," "England's greatest colony"—the stock phrases of the city as well as the village journalist—have been used far too often. It is all very well to say that the area of Canada is 3,456,383 square miles, but why not say how many of those miles are unfit for habitation ? Why say how much of Europe might be sunk in the great lakes ? "We have the largest and richest fisheries, coal areas, and timber regions in the world." Well,

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perhaps we have ; but a national possession cannot afford inspiration for an unlimited number of epics.

Yet it is but fair to acknowledge that only for a paragraph or two does Professor Roberts sin in this respect, and that the closing pages, in which the author names as Canada's choice *the last* of the three possible alternatives, "absorption by the United States, independence, or a federal union with the rest of the British Empire," are a masterly expression of the sentiment that prevails with the best minds among his fellow-countrymen.

There are a few minor errors in the volume ; as, on page 7, where the account of the Cabot voyages differs from the best authorities, and on page 208, where the date of the Quebec Act is given as 1674. More serious is the mistake of the publishers in not providing with maps of the various campaigns and voyages this otherwise eminently satisfactory piece of bookmaking.

Francis Sherman.

MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

Mr. Pellissier's work first appeared in 1889, and certainly supplied a need. How far that can be said of the present translation is doubtful, although it contains an additional study of Herédia's poetry and a few notes by the translator, with a very full analytic table of contents, and a good index. The conditions have changed since 1889 more than the translator seems to realise. Then those who sought a systematic treatment of French literature in our century could not find it at all in English, for Mr. Saintsbury's few pages were as inadequate as they were unsympathetic, and Mr. Van Laun's three volumes were, here as always, to borrow the brief, but ample critique of Professor Gustav Körting, "worthless." In German there was the useful, but slight work of Spach, and in French the little handbooks of Charpentier, of Antoine, of Merlet, and of Paul Albert. The last was the longest, but there was not much to choose between them. For the rest one had to gather the elements for a general view of the country's literary evolution from a multitude of monographs and articles whose very mass was an embarrassment of wealth. It was with delight, therefore, that we welcomed the work of Pellissier, hardly longer than that of Albert, but far more systematic and more scholarly. If he was not just the man we could have wished for the task, he was surely the best man who had yet assayed it. Since 1895, however, we have had the uniquely admirable history of French literature by Gustave Lanson, which at a price hardly greater than Pellissier's volume in the French, and at much less than the price of this English translation, covers the whole ground and gives to the nineteenth century a space very slightly less than that of Pellissier (the proportion is about nine to ten), with a treatment that is decidedly superior in originality and in sympathetic insight, while its style differs from Pellissier as the good does from the mediocre.

In its day all professional students of French literature read this book with care, and most of us with profit. But the impression that it always made on one who came to it again and again after reading some work of Lemaître, or France, or Brunetière, or even of Faguet was of something heavy. This son of a Protestant pastor had not, we felt, himself the *esprit Gaulois*, and he did not seem to respond to it in others. He was too mortally serious, and frowned quite too severely on the cakes and ale of the unregenerate. That his book should have commended itself to M. Brunetière seemed to us quite natural, since Pellissier's whole effort had been to apply the pet theory of that dogmatist of generic evolution to the modern literature that his master seldom essays *con amore*. Not, indeed, as though Pellissier were a man of one master. He is a most catholic-spirited *profiteur*. The more familiar we are with the critical work on any author or period, the more teasing becomes the impression as we read that we are examining a composite photograph. And yet Pellissier's book was even in 1889 hardly abreast of advanced criticism. The introductory chapter showed the author quite ignoring the import of the studies of Heinrich Körting on the novel in the seventeenth century, and appar-

* The Literary Movement in France during the Nineteenth Century. By George Pellissier. Authorised English version by Anne Garrison Brinton. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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ently ignorant of the bibliographical data of that period also, though one must not make him responsible for the blunders of his translator—*e.g.*, on pages 8, 13, and 14, for of these at least he is guilty only as having "authorised." So, again, in the eighteenth century what belongs to Prévost is by him attributed to Rousseau, and what belongs to La Chaussée to Diderot. And throughout the book the reader will sometimes be surprised at what is said, oftener at what is omitted.

But this is not the place to speak in detail of a book eight years old, the more as it would be most unjust to Pellissier's modest, but worthy talent to judge it by this "traduction," in which one hesitates whether to wonder most at the translator's ideas of French, at her ideas of English, or at her ideas of literary history. We can commend the work heartily to classes in rhetoric, for it affords a nearly continuous illustration of how not to do it. Of this it may be difficult to give adequate illustration without being tedious, nor is it necessary. The most cursory reading will reveal pronouns without antecedents, "which" for "that," "could" for "should," "into" for "to," and, of course, the split infinitive. Even when the style is not incorrect it is usually clumsy. It suggests constantly those materials for French composition with which every teacher is only too familiar.

But this must not lead us to suppose that the translator is more familiar with French than with English, for there is not a page of the first two chapters that does not contain a blunder in translation, and there are several that contain many. Periods are substituted for subordinating conjunctions, clauses are omitted, quotation marks are now added and now suppressed, descriptive epithets are mistaken for titles and names for nicknames. But this is not the worst. In numerous instances the whole sense is distorted. Where Pellissier tells us of the princes in French tragedy *que non seulement leur condition, mais encore leur temps et leur pays nous rendent absolument étrangers*, we are here told of those "whose natures as well as ages and countries were absolutely unknown to us" (page 38). There are worse cases. This is only a fair example of what may be found constantly. The reader halts on every page at statements that seem impossible, only to find on consulting the original, that they arise from misconceptions of language, often slight, yet sufficient to distort the sense. But this is the sort of thing which, with Thomas à Kempis, one "would prefer to have less rather than more," and the worst is not yet. Indeed, what is to be hoped of a translator who is capable of saying that a dramatist "overloads" the personages that he has *surchargé* (page 41), who can change the "position" of actors where Diderot changes their *état*, who can render *effets de rire* by "purposes of laughter;" and all on two pages? But even this is not the worst. It is part of the a b c of dramatic criticism that Diderot *substitue les divers "états" aux caractères*, and so Pellissier tells us, though he does not seem to know that La Chaussée did it before him; but here we may read, "Let us substitute different conditions of characters," and all without turning the leaf on two pages that contain eight errors in addition to those noticed. Need we pursue the subject further? The investigation has ceased to be profitable, but the possibilities of the book for amusement are still infinite. Here are *accidents* of a landscape become "accidents" (page 5), here Rousseau's Savoyard Vicar has become the "Vicar of Savoy" (page 33), and in the same connection we may read of "the *cortège* of fine ladies whose hearts he trained (*traina*) after him," and see the *forces* of passion become its "virtues" (page 28); or if we will, we may picture Rousseau "girdled by a bag which he fills," and see the *physicien Bacon* transformed into the "physician Bacon" (page 36). But of these *nugæ* there is simply no end. On page 24 a man's caustic *verbe* becomes his "verb," and a few lines below we learn that to *faire tache* in society is to "cast a stain" on it. In short, no occasion is lost. Polemics against the classics are turned into "classic polemics" (page 5), and on page 13 we may read how "conjugal affection is passed over to Andromache" where the Frenchman is striving to tell us why *on passe son amour conjugal à Andromache*. But we must leave to the reader the joy of completing for himself this Students' Joe Miller, or The Translator's Vade Mecum. As Ruy Gomez says, *J'en passe et des meilleurs.*

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It remains to say that the book is provided with a very incomplete bibliography, that may be of use to those who have access to no other, and a conglomerate introduction of which there is no reason to speak further. The paper, binding, and typography are excellent.

Benjamin W. Wells.

"A PURITAN PEPYS."*

Samuel Sewall, sometime merchant, royal councillor, judge, preacher, captain, husband, father, neighbour—and ever Puritan—was introduced to many readers through the brilliant essay written by Henry Cabot Lodge, and entitled "A Puritan Pepys." This essay appeared shortly after the publication of Sewall's Diary by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1886. Since that time students and critics of the Diary have been many; but no such thorough survey of Sewall, his environment, and his theology, has been written as the recent book entitled *Samuel Sewall and the World He Lived in.*

The comparison of Sewall with Pepys is a natural and proper one as to historical value; indeed, Sewall's Diary reminds one of Pepys's on scores of pages; the entries in each, as to church-going and domestic life, though totally dissimilar, still suggest each other more than would seem possible for the diary of a virtuous Christian and that of a man who was virtuous and a Christian only spasmodically. All that *Pepys' Diary* is to the history of the England of his times Sewall's Diary is to New England, and their permanency of fame will be equal.

Mr. Chamberlain dedicates his study of Sewall and his times to the memory of "the late Dr. George E. Ellis," and he is evidently deeply filled with admiration of Dr. Ellis's book, *The Puritan Age in Massachusetts.* But the later book is in some respects more satisfactory than Dr. Ellis's great work. Mr. Chamberlain's is remarkable throughout for the conspicuous, patient, and distinctly sensible spirit of justice it shows toward Puritanism. Perhaps no one could have been better fitted to show such equable judgment than this author has been through his years of deep and searching thought on the various systems of applied religion. For Mr. Chamberlain was bred a Unitarian preacher; became an Episcopal clergyman, somewhat of the so-called Catholic cultus; and has been a profound student of and lecturer on the English Reformation. The results of this study and deep thought show abundantly in the pages of this book, in apt comparison, forcible quotation and logical conclusion, and help to shape it into a well-rounded, well-balanced and convincing whole.

Mr. Chamberlain has not confined himself to Sewall's Diary for lights upon his picture, but has taken the aid of any vivid and truthful record of the times; and while the book is not distinctly a life of Sewall, yet the chapters are arranged in such chronological sequence that we have an orderly knowledge of the course of Sewall's days.

A notable quality of Mr. Chamberlain's analysis and comment is his comprehending sympathy of Sewall's nature. Two careful perusals of the fifteen hundred pages of the Diary, in a somewhat critical though not prejudiced mood, have not afforded so true an insight into and close touch with the simplicity and purity of Sewall's life and character as has the exposition afforded through the calm and kindly temper, as well as the clear and just words of Mr. Chamberlain. Even the jest of many an historiographer, the judge's remarkable and manifold courtships, displayed in his pages with a fulness and intimacy of detail that might be the envy of a genius like Montaigne; those "fluctuations," as he termed them, of his widowerhood seem less absurd, less belittling, when the lonely old man is drawn by Mr. Chamberlain, doing what was the custom, the duty of his time, promptly seeking a wife's companionship, and with an unconscious honesty recording his hopes and pains.

Sewall, though he seems opinionated, narrow, mercenary, and over-frugal, as seen by the light of to-day, should be judged by the ethics of historical criticism—that is, regarded in the environment of his age, in the atmosphere and circumstances of Puritan New England. Thus viewed, his was certainly a kindly, wise, thoughtful, prudent, helpful, hon-

* Samuel Sewall and the World He Lived in. By Rev. N. H. Chamberlain. Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. $2.00.

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ourable, and fruitful life. Even those dark days of his life, his brief but sad part in the Salem Witchcraft, are glorified by his noble public penitence therefor in later life. No man wrought better or more loyally for New England than Sewall during his life; no man has helped more toward her history than he in his Diary. We have no other diary to compare with it; no such abundant storehouse of old ways and social life; it shows a domestic life full of homeliness, industry, and love of kindred; a happy life, albeit a sombre one. We see the Bostonians of that day at funerals, weddings, and christenings, all equally formal; we see them keeping public and private fasts; we find them constant at the meeting-house on Lord's Day and Lecture Day; we find them watching and praying by the bedside of the sick; we know their food, drink, and raiment; we see them frequent but shallow in quarrel; we find them bargaining much, yet stiffly just in settlement; we discover their religion and their religionism, see them noting signs, finding lessons, and heeding warnings from the simplest events of nature; and we are forced to consider their extraordinary and antithetical triple regard of the Gospel, at one time obeying its words with a literalness that is both painful and startling, then reducing its teaching to a manual of worldly prudence and a handy book for success in mercantile life, and still revelling in its Eastern metaphor with an Orientalism that outglows that of the Orientals themselves. How much of all this knowledge we owe to Sewall's Diary! The picture of Boston of that century would be but a colourless outline without it.

Sewall was rich and respected; he was of the highest social position—Boston's "first citizen;" there was no other man of his day whose record of daily life would have been so valuable. He was persistent and methodical, else he would never have written a diary for fifty-five years. He was truthful and just, so his records not only illuminate history, but are themselves history.

Mr. Chamberlain's motive in writing his book was, to use his own words, "to assist in enlarging public interest in ancient things." Also, evidently, to stimulate a desire for the reading of the Diary itself; and, above all, to put on record his thought and belief of the glory and mission of the New England fathers. That the book will fulfil his intents and wishes cannot be doubted by any who read it; that his judgment and presentment of the Puritan life of Sewall's day will influence the judgment and estimate of that life in the minds of his readers is equally certain, since it is the best picture of that life that has been written.

The book is published by a Boston house, whose work should be more frequently seen if all is of the character and quality of this handsome, well-equipped volume. It is finely illustrated with presentments of interesting old New England houses and scenes, and portraits of various old Sewalls, including that of the judge himself, displaying a type of countenance which seems far from Puritanical.

Alice Morse Earle.

A NEW IRISH NOVELIST.

With the publication of *By Thrasna River* a writer seems to have arisen to do for the Ireland of to-day what Dr. Watson has done for contemporary Scotland. The book met with a cordial, almost enthusiastic reception abroad, and although its audience may have been smaller in this country, the appreciation of it can scarcely have been less, for there is, indeed, much in Mr. Bullock's work which makes special appeal to American interest and sympathy. The types represented by him are almost exclusively of the emigrant class, and the principal characters grouped by Thrasna River look toward America as the promised land. This bond between the two countries is touched insistently and vibratingly in *Ring o' Rushes*, the new volume of short stories. Most of the eleven sketches composing the book have grown out of this almost universal longing among the Irish peasantry to try the New World, and nearly all of them reveal its influence, its effects on local semi-civilisation. The studies

* By Thrasna River. By Shan F. Bullock. New York and London: Ward, Lock & Bowden.

Ring o' Rushes. By Shan F. Bullock. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

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are new work in that they are always from the inside, always distinctively from the Irish peasant's own point of view. And yet both sides of the shield are shown, as in the comedy of "His Magnificence," in which the golden dreams have come true; and in the tragedy of "They that Mourn," in which the dazzling visions have ended in disappointment and death.

The atmosphere is completely realised, and a peculiar intensity arises from the narrowness of the environment. The straggling villages Lismahee, Cloghern, and Bunn form the ring o' rushes.

"This way and that, the long, wide street—which, as in most Irish towns, is Lismahee itself—runs straight and level; a post-car rattles over the stones; children sport on the side-walks; shopkeepers sit smoking on their window-sills; here and there a cart stands in the gutter with a horse dozing between the shafts; from the gardens and the yards come the sound of voices, the clatter of cans, the clutter of fowls; the sunlight dances on the high white walls, drowsiness is in the air, the reek of peat smoke (how wholesomely pungent it comes!) gangs heavy. . . . What happenings one has seen from the market-house steps! what memories every stone of you holds! how the old familiar faces come pressing through the blue haze of your peat smoke! . . . Some, exiles in this bustling outer world, have left their hearts there; and one there is, a poor smoke-dried citizen now, who, as he stands sometimes blinking across his garden fence at a sky of fog and a landscape of bricks, has been known to cry out within himself, that not all London is worth that hill and valley over which Rhamus Castle keeps watch and ward."

But neither the castle nor the gentry have any place in these studies of Irish life, which lie close to the sod. And yet they touch a common chord. Bessie Bredin, in "The Rival Swains," stands for universal womanhood when she takes the part of the ill-treated lover, notwithstanding that she had refused to decide between them before.

"'Ah,' she says to the aggressor, 'ye big, cowardly bully! Ye daren't fight your match. No, ye'd rather lay your dirty hands where ye know they'd hurt. It's a wonder 'twasn't myself ye challenged. D'ye know what he did, boys?' says she, turning to us all. 'He creeps up the lane to see me last night, an' comes rubbin' his big hands into the kitchen, an' whispers in my ear, "If ye want to see me fit a corpse to a coffin," he says, "be in Cluny Island the morrow evenin' about dusk." Yes, that's what ye said, an' ye made sure I'd be here too late. Go home,' she says, pointin' at him wi' her finger, and speakin' as one would to a tinker—'go home an' marry a beggarwoman, an' maybe she'll teach ye manners an' soften the heart in ye.'"

In "Shan's Diversion," "Rogue Bartley," "The Emigrant," and "The Splendid Shilling" may be found the same typical embodiment of noble womanhood and less noble manhood, showing, as in life, both its humorous and its pathetic side, for Mr. Bullock's presentation of the Celt is too faithful not to bubble with humour, and too sympathetic not to be filled with sadness. In fact, the sequence of the stories would seem to have been arranged with a view to the accentuation of this contrast, so that the glowing first sketch finds its gloomy reverse in the second—as "Th' Ould Boy" is the maddest, merriest of all, so "Her Soger Boy" is the most heart-wringing.

The sketch entitled "They Twain" stands apart from the rest, and is almost entirely introspective, portraying the struggle in a woman's heart when she learns that her lover, whom she loves, is seeking her in marriage solely for her fortune. The subtle psychology of this story reveals a power which has apparently found no scope in the other themes, and which, together with the admirable style of the work, awakens a desire to read something from Mr. Bullock dealing with higher types of humanity and more sophisticated social relations than exist within the *Ring o' Rushes* or *By Thrasna River*.

George Preston.

THE GREEN BOOK.*

Jókai has been writing for more than half a century, yet even now we know him here mostly by report. Half a dozen or so of his romances have been translated, and Hungarian students say that these are not his best. With our judgment of these must mingle the fame of his scores of novels, of plays, of poems, of articles, the record of his revolutionary struggles, his duels, his long and honourable and strenuous political career; for his country is very proud of him, and his story has passed beyond his native boundaries. Jókai is a great man, and if the cry be that he is also a great writer, there is a thousand times more justice in it than in most popu-

* The Green Book; or, Freedom under the Snow. By Maurus Jókai. New York: Harper & Brothers. $ 1.00.

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lar verdicts on present-day literature. Every novel we have had the chance of reading, however faulty it may be, reflects some of those qualities that make the man great: his sense of the grandiose, his generosity, his inextinguishable belief in ideals and ideas, his marvellous energy, his reckless profusion, the perennial freshness of his search for subjects among the picturesque episodes of history, and the wild, remote, untamed corners of Europe. The commonplace and the every-day seem not to be avoided, but rather withholden from his vision. He has been compared to a great many of the masters of fiction by way of winning him hearty recognition; but extravagant comparisons are not needed. Jókai will live in the history of Hungary, if not in the history of its literature. He is like one of the great masters, at least, the elder Dumas, in the tremendous capacity of his mind, in its inability to be tired, in his universal interest in human action. Dumas in a few masterpieces showed himself a supreme artist. Outside these—it is an important limitation—Jókai no doubt holds his own with him; in a sense of the beauty of nature the Frenchman is far surpassed. The latest book in which the Hungarian novelist is presented to us is very representative of his powers. It shows his highest qualities, and marks plainly where lies his demarcation from the greater masters. Hardly any one else to-day writes, or could write, this kind of novel, which demands a vast survey over many scenes, the keeping in hand of very diverse characters and threads of plot, the maintenance of a high level of scenic dignity, with the intimate analysis of character. Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is the great example of this generation, and Tolstoy writes no more for lovers of romance. The writers of to-day are all for episodes, for single situations. Situations and episodes are only the phrases in Jókai's larger sentence, and fastidiousness will have belittled our judgment, if we do not find it refreshing to meet again with a wider scheme than the one that follows the fashion of the hour. But though his is the method of the giants, we have learned a good deal since the days when his plan was the commoner model. The increase of subtlety, though it may have been coincident with a decrease of energy and vastness, has mainly meant a more faithful search for truth, a finer taste. Jókai has learned nothing from the moderns. He is not a Tolstoy of greater labours and less perfect art. He is king in his own country, which is melodrama. No realist of to-day has got up his documents more carefully; even the analysers of episodes and single characters must often give way before his intimate knowledge of human nature; but then all his documents and all his shrewdness must also in their turn, and very frequently, yield to his driving instincts of melodrama. He says the word too much that is never uttered by the masters. With none of their calm trust or calm indifference, he lights Bengal fires so that we may not miss effects.

Yet he writes no little books. A large heart and a large mind are at the back of each; and, however we criticise the staging of the drama before us, it moves us, and keeps us absorbed to the end. A troublous tortuous chapter out of the history of great chaotic, tragic Russia is presented to us. The "Green Book" is the secret record of the transactions of revolutionary societies, and contains the list of those who may be counted on to help the good cause. To get hold of it is the aim of the officials and the spies of the old *régime;* but it is in the keeping of a woman inconquerably faithful, a Finnish prima donna, Zeneida Ilmarine. For astuteness, for brilliance, for sacrifice, she is a goddess; not made of human flesh and blood at all, any more than is her rival and enemy, the fiendish, treacherous, Princess Ghedimin; but they are both impressive and magnificent puppets. The leading figure among the revolutionary personages is the poet Pushkin, and, needless to say, the actions of that fervent patriot and fiery soul, in difficult and ambiguous circumstances, courted by all the dazzling ladies of the capital, adoring freedom, yet owing debts of gratitude to the Czar, hindered by the intriguing love of two women from joining the insurrection that broke out on the accession of Nicholas, are sympathetically interpreted. But it is not a revelation of one side of the story only: All Jókai's heart and soul go out to that flower of freedom under the snow, "the roots of which will never die." Yet the most pathetic pages—and from them melodrama keeps far aloof—are those that

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tell of the Czar Alexander's tragic loneliness, and the great tender affection he poured out on his unowned child, the dying Sophie Narishkin. A susceptible reader will resent the italics and all the other kindred methods that would force his emotional attention ; but the irritation can never be enough to kill his interest in this strange, stirring story of generous effort, of frustrate hopes, and unquenchable dreams of betterment.

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

The third volume of the English translation of Ten Brink's *History of English Literature*, corresponding to the second half of the second volume of the original, necessarily opens somewhat abruptly, indeed in the middle of a chapter ; and the casual reader finds himself plunged into the somewhat unalluring atmosphere of saints' legends in prose. In the account which follows of the more distinguished prose writers—of Fortescue, Caxton, Malory—the philologist still has on the whole more play than the man of letters, who, moreover, hardly avails himself with his usual keen instinct of all the openings that his subject presented. The notice of Malory, in particular, is somewhat thin, and tells us little more about a writer whose book has charmed every succeeding generation, than one might expect to learn from a German doctrinal tractate ; whereas it is the virtue of Ten Brink's *History* that it supplements, as a rule, these philological mechanisms on the literary and imaginative side as effectively as it supplements the best English manuals of the early period in scientific depth and breadth. When he enters the sixth book, however, dealing with "The Renaissance," his genius revives. He sniffs the exhilarating air of an intellectual dawn, he relishes the gradual decay of the interminable mediæval garrulity, the entrance of fastidiousness into the literary workshop, the first glimmer, under classical influence, of that instinct for the "compendious and exclusive" in style which became a prevailing canon with Landor. Here, however, he is on ground partly occupied by English scholars of high rank ; and it can hardly be said that his account of the "Oxford reformers," bright and well-informed as it is, competes in penetrating insight and wealth of knowledge with Mr. Seebohm's book, or with Mr. Lee's article on More in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. On the other hand, he immediately has the advantage when he approaches work like the "Celestina," or the poetry of Wyatt and Surrey, in which foreign sources play a large part : for here he can bring to bear his unequalled command of European literatures, while English historians have for the most part treated "Quellenstudien" in the spirit of the Dantesque injunction : *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa !* No English history of the drama known to us wastes more than a few lines upon the "Celestina," nor does any betray any knowledge of the Spanish original beyond the barest matters of fact. Ten Brink's graphic account of the plot, and of the English adapter's morally excusable but dramatically perverse alteration of its *dénouement*, will accordingly be new and welcome to the English reader. The careful working out of the Italian sources of Wyatt and Surrey, though not quite so novel, is equally valuable. And while the volume does not at all points, as has been said, reach the level of existing work, it is as a comprehensive, many-sided, and accurate picture of the entire literature of this age of premonitions rather than of achievements, altogether without a rival.

The manuscript of the original, edited after Ten Brink's death by his successor, contained a singular hiatus, of which it would have been well to give notice. It is obvious to the attentive reader that the last chapter of the fifth book ("York and Lancaster"), on Scottish literature, is a fragment. Instead of carrying us, like the other chapters in the book, to the close of the fifteenth century, it breaks off abruptly with the death of Barbour near the close of the fourteenth. The sixth book takes up the story with Dunbar and Douglas. In the interim, however, there lived and sang two poets of renown—King James I. and Henryson—of whom the reader will find only incidental mention. The casual allusions in the sixth book to Henryson assume the reader to be ac-

* History of English Literature. (From the fourteenth century to the death of Surrey.) Vol. III. Translated by Dora Schmitz. New York : Henry Holt & Co.

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quainted with him, and thus leave no doubt that Ten Brink intended to treat him in the chapter specified. This "fragment," moreover (p. 61 of the translation), breaks off with a sort of ragged edge. The last sentence is, as it stands, a platitude with which a man of Ten Brink's capacity cannot possibly have intended to put his readers off, in whatever stress of indolence or haste. "English and even Scottish literature can show more brilliant and richly endowed natures than [Barbour's]." So it runs, literally translated. Evidently this was merely the preface to an indication of the qualities in which Barbour's distinction among "English and even Scotch" men of letters really lay. The translator, too, clearly saw that there was something wrong; but she has fallen upon a violent remedy considerably worse than the disease. "English literature" (such is her rendering) —"and indeed Scottish literature—can show *no* more brilliant figure or richer nature than his." This ingenious inversion, it will be seen, besides committing Ten Brink to an extravagance, assigns to Scottish and English literature a relative position which will hardly pass current south of the border. Ten Brink, with all his literary refinement, would probably rather have been represented by the platitude than by the paradox. In other respects the translation is, as translations go, fairly adequate. No one who knows the enormous labour involved in translating good literary German prose into faithful English of at all correspondent literary quality, will seriously quarrel with the translator of a long work, because two sentences out of three jar in some trifling way upon the impression conveyed by the original; and we cannot, in this respect, give the present translator higher praise than we gave the last. She has, however, so far as our observation goes, entirely avoided the gravest defect of the second volume, signalised in these columns and elsewhere. She has scrupulously sought minute accuracy in all the English titles and quotations instead of translating them, as it is to be feared her predecessor often did, from Ten Brink's translations. Such accuracy asks a vast amount of labour, for which cordial recognition is due.

C. H. Herford.

ROGER SHERMAN.*

Our national history is a drama whose intensity more than compensates for its brief duration. Already after the lapse of a single century its earlier events seem invested with an air of antiquity, and the leading actors appear as heroes with a faint nimbus of apotheosis hovering about them. Let no one imagine, however, that any heroic or picturesque delineation is to be found in this short biography of Roger Sherman. All is severely plain, and in this respect at least the story suits its subject, for Sherman was a Puritan, and though living at a time when Puritanism had lost most of its distinctive characteristics, he represents not only Puritanism, but Puritanism at its purest and best. We see in him the stern yet tender faith, the conscientiousness which compels the utmost use of a man's powers and opportunities, the curious combination of worldly thrift with spirituality, the outwardly forbidding reticence and reserve veiling strong affections, the shrewd yet open-handed liberality, the absolute sincerity and trustworthiness of one to whom duty was religion.

The Sherman genealogy is noteworthy. From one branch of the family came a distinguished English nobleman; from another, one of the greatest captains of modern times, General W. T. Sherman; and from another the subject of this biography. Roger's entrance into the world was, however, anything but aristocratic. He began life as a small farmer and a shoemaker in a Massachusetts country village. Yet the shoemaker was also a student. He read while he worked, and acquired a fair knowledge of mathematics, theology, law, logic, and politics. At the age of thirty-three he was admitted to the bar, and soon became one of the judges of the county court. A year later he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and from that time until his death he was constantly engaged in public employment, holding sometimes two, or even three, offices at the same time. He seems to have been perpetual Mayor of New Haven; he was for a long time Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut; he was one of the delegates from

* The Life of Roger Sherman. By Lewis Henry Boutell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.00.

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that State to the Continental Congress, where he became one of the committee consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston, who were appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence. He served in that congress throughout its existence, and then became a member of the Constitutional Convention, in the deliberations of which he bore a leading part.

The Convention sat with closed doors, and the record of its proceedings is very imperfect. We know, however, that there was wide divergence of opinion among its members. There were extreme State Rights men and extreme nationalists; there was an influential minority who favored an aristocratic—possibly a monarchical form of government. There were critical occasions when agreement seemed impossible, and the prospect of any successful union of the States looked very dark. Roger Sherman was one of those men who appear to be made expressly for such crises. His strong common sense, rugged honesty, and penetrating judgment compelled respect, while his calm temper and irenic spirit attracted confidence. With very positive, sometimes even radical, ideas of his own, he appears always as a man who was trusted by those who differed most widely from him; and then he was one of those reasonable spirits who are willing to accept what is possible when that which seems ideal is unattainable. In the sermon at his funeral his pastor, the younger Jonathan Edwards, said of him:

> "He had the happy talent of judging what was feasible and what was not feasible, or what men would bear and what they would not bear in government, and the rare talent of prudence, or of timing and adapting his measures to the attainment of his end."

This is statesmanship; and it is easy to believe, as Mr. Boutell maintains and apparently proves, that it was Roger Sherman who, when the Convention seemed hopelessly divided, originated and by patient and skilful persistence in reconciling clashing views, carried through the compromise by which the Congress of the United States is composed of a House elected on a basis of population, and of a Senate in which each State has an equal representation.

The undiminished confidence of his fellow-citizens in him is shown by the fact that he was a member of the first Congress under the new Constitution, as a member of the House of Representatives, and that afterward he served until his death in the Senate. Here, as in other public stations, his work was useful rather than brilliant. In his early days, when the currency of New England was in a disordered and depreciated condition, he had written and laboured in the cause of sound and honest money; now in the Congress of the new nation his chief care was for the war debts of the country and for the rigid maintenance of public credit and public honesty.

There is little of romance in such a life. Considering that it covers the most romantic and stirring period of our national history, it is singularly devoid of striking incident, and yet it has not only a formal and public, but a deep human interest all its own. Its lesson is the heroic one of self-forgetful service. Here is a man who worked his way unaided from the lowliest to the loftiest station, yet "never said a foolish thing in his life;" a man utterly destitute of the oratorical graces, but whose speeches enchained attention, and whose plain and homely arguments fell with convincing power on the ears of statesmen; a man without brilliancy who compelled the reverential respect and attracted the warm friendship of the most brilliant men of his time; a constant and often a multi-officeholder in times that tried men's souls, but who never by word or deed dishonoured his lofty Christian profession.

Mr. Boutell's task has been a difficult one. It seems part of that irony of fate, or that ordering of Providence already mentioned, that the mass of the papers left by Roger Sherman at his death should have been lost or destroyed. His biographer has been compelled to work with provokingly scanty materials, with fragmentary records supplemented by such information as could be gathered from recollections of those who knew Sherman, and letters of those associated with him, John Adams in particular. The material available has been used faithfully and not unskilfully; and while it could be wished that the biographer had been gifted with a little more of that historical imagination which helps to form a clear picture, it is but

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justice to say that he has produced a work which is an important contribution to American history.

Ira S. Dodd.

AMERICAN LANDS AND LETTERS.*

Many readers know well what Mr. Mitchell has done in his volumes of *English Lands, Letters and Kings*. In the preface to the first of them he told, very characteristically, what his general purpose was :

"When I consider the large number of books recently issued on similar topics, and the scholarly acuteness and the great range belonging to so many of them, I am not a little discomforted at thought of my bold scurry over so wide a reach of ground. Indeed, I have the figure before me now—as I hint an apology—of an old-time country doctor who has ventured with his saddle-bags and spicy nostrums into competition with a half score of special practitioners, with their microscopy and their *granules dosimétriques ;* but I think, consolingly, that possibly the old-time medicines, if not able to cure, can at least induce a pleasurable slumber."

This last achievement has not been wrought either by the earlier books or by their latest successor ; but what the books on English themes have done for the mother country the present volume does for America. It is, in a word, a cursory survey of our intellectual history, beginning with the men and women of early colonial days whose thought was best worth heeding, and ending with writers born in the last century, but doing all their work in our own. The personality of these workers and the significance of what they did supply Mr. Mitchell with his themes.

Even if it were not stated definitely in the first of the English books that they were the outcome of informal talks to a bevy of friends, one would feel such a statement to be true of this last volume. The *vox humana* stop is very clearly heard, especially in the introductions to the successive chapters. Here the author sums up rather elaborately the points he has already covered, and what must have been a serviceable reminder, after an interval perhaps of a week or two, seems somewhat superfluous in the consecutive reading. What this process really recalls to the reader is the fact that the book was originally something else, namely, a series of talks. Yet regarded as a book, it escapes utterly such censure as Macaulay meted out to Miss Lucy Aikin :

"She seems to have written about the Elizabethan Age, because she had read much about it ; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the Age of Addison, because she had determined to write about it."

Mr. Mitchell's book bears none of the marks of special "reading up." Its charm lies in the fact that its background is not artificial, but real, and that almost everywhere it speaks out of that fulness of knowledge which many have tried in vain to simulate. The aptness of the citations from such earlier writers as Judge Sewall, for example, and the clearness of the light which Mr. Mitchell's own words and the words he quotes throw upon each other, give excellent proof of this very point. He does not drag forth obscure fragments which the reader could not find for himself, but selects those that are really illustrative. The result is that, although one has the greater pleasure of the book for knowing something of its themes, it does not soar above the heads of those who are still uninstructed.

If the volume were from a newer writer, one would make bold to comment upon its "dashing style"—so to call that form of writing in which the dash is the dominant mark of punctuation. One would, furthermore, express a wish that the cultivation of a light and humorsome touch had not sometimes produced a quality which in a writer whose laurels were not yet earned might win the ugly name of cheapness. It is really hard to read with pleasure of Merry-Mount and "Morton who brought the jim-jams of London revelry to Wollaston Heights," and of Cooper's family life that "if there were bickerings, they were never loud enough to disturb greatly the average orderly quietude of his domesticities." Even an older writer, beloved as "Ik Marvel" is by right, should be careful of the example he sets ; and such phrases as these, of which there are not a few, are no more worthy of emulation than some of the slips in matters of accuracy which are too palpable to escape notice. In the chronological table at the end of the book, for example, the dates of the foundation of Harvard,

* American Lands and Letters. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

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Brown and Dartmouth are all susceptible of revision ; and the appearance of the "Croaker Papers" is put several years ahead of its true time. This table, however, may not be Mr. Mitchell's own handiwork, any more than the ascription of the Inman portrait of Bryant to "Ingham." Yet it must have been Mr. Mitchell himself who says that *Thanatopsis* was "written the year before" it appeared in the *North American Review*. It is no great matter, but six years is allotted by the highest authority to the interval between the writing and the publication of the poem.

It is an ungracious task, however, to point out the flaws in a work which has many excellences to its credit. And especially we would not be of those who, according to Mr. Mitchell's good-natured fling at the habits of critics, would have the book "quite other than it is." The book is to be liked for precisely what it is, an easy-going series of talks on topics of interest to readers of American books, from a man whose spirit is of the most charitable and winning, and whose knowledge of the subjects on which he speaks has been acquired with deliberation and manifest pleasure to himself. In this pleasure there is something infectious, as there is in all true pleasure of its sort, and the real success of the book seems destined to lie in its achieving the manifest purpose of its production—the purpose of stimulating readers to wander for themselves in the pleasant fields from which the author has returned to tell of all the fair things the seeker may find.

GEORGE MEREDITH ON COMEDY.*

Because Mr. Meredith is here the interpreter of much of his own genius, because the essay is the outcome of his mature energy and wit in all their freshness, the reprint of this lecture delivered at the London Institution nineteen years ago is a noteworthy event. It comes on us as a new thing, because it says finally what a hundred others have blundered over saying, and which badly needs saying, in spite of all the laughter of Aristophanes and Cervantes and Molière. Mr. Meredith's hardest task is in differentiating the Comic Spirit and its kindred.

"The Comic, which is the perceptive," he says, "is the governing spirit, awakening and giving aim to these powers of laughter, but it is not to be confounded with them : it enfolds a thinner form of them, differing from satire in not sharply driving into the quivering sensibilities, and from humour in not comforting them and tricking them up, or indicating a broader than the range of this bustling world to them."

Perhaps all his tests and all his definitions, the test, for instance, that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter, the definition of it as the humour of the mind, are finally accurate, but, at least, in application, the differentiation between humour and the Comic spirit is ticklish. Take it as the intellectual manifestation of humour and we are near his opinion.

His illustrations are not largely English. Englishmen have a large fund of humour, but in the more exclusively mental and the gentler forms of it they are lacking. English comedy is largely farce. Englishmen are either too realistic in their ridicule of manners or too sentimental in their regard of them. They love the "hazy region and the ideal that is not to be disturbed," or they drive realism and contempt to a rowdy excess. In the community where the comic poet can live and rule with effect, ideas and perceptions must be quick. "The semi-barbarism of giddy communities and feverish emotional periods repel him ; and also a state of marked social inequality of the sexes." He emphasises this last point strongly, and marks himself off from a large section of the writers of to-day by insisting that the comic spirit—and he means, too, the circle of society where it flourishes—shows the mutual likenesses, not the differences of men and women. "There has been fun in Bagdad," he says, "but there never will be civilisation where comedy is not possible, and that of some degree of social equality of the sexes." But though he does not rate English comedy high, he makes a strong appeal to his countrymen to cultivate the comic spirit ; not a futile appeal this, for humour is there already in strength, only not quite civilised enough for social sanitation which is the main use of comedy. Not an imaginative process is necessary, but a purely intellectual and, therefore, more possible one. Here is Comedy as the Reformer, or rather the Master of the Ceremonies.

* An Essay on Comedy, and the Uses of the Comic Spirit. By George Meredith. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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"Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mixed with conceit . . . the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter."

But if it be not concerned with the great human destinies, "it is not hostile to the sweetest songfully poetic. Chaucer bubbles with it: Shakespeare overflows: there is a mild moon's ray of it . . . in Comus." This is no superfluous comment. What the comic may be without poetic grace and charm we know from Thomas Love Peacock, endlessly clever and coldly inhuman.

Molière is the ideal of this urbane observer and corrector of manners, and in the passage where he contrasts him with our Congreve, we have a further revelation of what this higher comedy may be. Congreve's wit is a Toledo blade "cast for duelling." Molière's is

"like a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood through which its business is to find a way. It does not run in search of obstructions, to be noisy over them; but when dead leaves and viler substances are heaped along the course its natural song is heightened. Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing, the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom."

A wholesome and a gracious gift. But Mr. Meredith's voice is crying in a wilderness. For in our frivolously driven age, who has the vitality to be intellectually active in his leisure? Spent and harassed, we most of us are glad that our Comedy is but farce, and makes more demand upon our lungs than upon our brains and judgments.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD.*

Here is a writer who stands outside all the poetical vogues of to-day. He is neither a mystic, nor a symbolist, nor a devotee of ancient forms, nor an interpreter of the ideal significance of the music-halls. But he is a poet. We have seen no book of verses for years that breathes at least more spontaneity, and very few with as much individuality. Mr. Housman's technical merits might easily be surpassed, but his rhythms and forms call for no criticism. They are simple, sometimes rough, never subtle, save with the subtlety that catches and reflects the mood, and sets the matter to the right tune. His book of lyrics has a continuity. You can pick out a story from it, several linked dramas of the lives of Shropshire lads, the one that used his knife in anger, and stood under the shadow of the gallows, and lay long in jail; the one that went for a soldier; the one that, after his struggle for love, lay early in the churchyard. But there is no continuous narrative. The poems are essentially lyrics, outbursts of feelings, often elliptical, cries and sighs from which one may catch a name and the hint of a story. Original as Mr. Housman undoubtedly is, now and then you hear familiar voices in his verse. If he had been more given to making moral reflections than pictures he might have been named a kinsman of Clough. The swing of some of his verses, as if born of the body's motion in the open road with the wind playing round, puts one in mind of the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, at his best. But we shall dare a loftier comparison, and say that there are lyrics here that might have come out of Heine's Song Book. The exquisiteness of Heine and his poisonous sting are both absent. But his methods, though unperfected, are Heine's in the main; and his matter very much the same. The love of fresh hearts in the spring-time, the strife of young passions, the struggle of man with the soil, the homesickness for the West country felt in the dusty streets, imagined as crying from below the sod, for the old life of comrades—out of such things has Mr. Housman woven his verse. Sturdy vigour and pervading melancholy are always there, and one hardly seems to give way for the other. The poet's old friend twits him with his poor consolation when "pints and quarts of Ludlow beer" bring more sterling comfort. And the poet does not contradict him.

"'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.

* A Shropshire Lad. By A. E. Housman. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

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But take it ; if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour."

We have no space to quote as we should like from Mr. Housman's lyric tales of lads that loved and suffered

" By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The county for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun."

But here are some verses out of " Is my team ploughing," the eager questions of a dead man, and the answers from overhead.

" ' Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve ? '

" Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep ;
Your girl is well contented,
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

" ' Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine ? '

" Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose ;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose."

NOVEL NOTES.

UNCLE BERNAC. A Memory of the Empire. By A. Conan Doyle. New York : D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

" This novel has been re-written and lengthened by one third since its appearance in serial form," we learn from a prefatory note. The lengthening has not sufficed to make it a very full book. Perhaps there is enough in it to please the fancy of boys and girls, and flatter them into thinking they are reading history, though that they can approve of the dull, monotonous progress of the *jeune premier*, Louis de Laval, from favour to favour, with only one night of hardship and danger paid in advance, we can hardly credit. Louis's smug career is of no use at all. Uncle Bernac, Imperial *agent provocateur*, has the stuff of a fine villain in him ; but he makes a very poor show here. If he had persecuted his nephew something of interest might have happened ; but Louis's favour with the Emperor stops that chance. We are glad to get a glimpse of Lieutenant Gérard in his young days, but he is a very minor personage, only allowed to utter a few amusing *gasconneries*. Eugénie de Choiseul is but a name. Sibylle is another name attached to a female figure cut in paper, who in the flesh must have been a person of great pluck and character. There remains Napoleon. Without a doubt Dr. Conan Doyle has read a good deal of the recently published Napoleonic memoirs. He has learnt the great man's little tricks, and formed a fairly comprehensive view of his character and the effect he produced on his surroundings. These pickings he reproduces literally, and, we think, even a little lazily. The scenes between the Emperor and his suite, and between him and Josephine, are very frugal ; got up quite cheaply, but also, we hasten to add, with an honest preference for simplicity, and no pretentiousness at all. In a play that could depend largely on staging and fine uniforms, they would probably be effective. But the absence of subtlety is no virtue in a novel, and the boyishly direct methods of presenting each character with some blatantly characteristic utterance in his mouth, or in a position which has suggested an anecdote and become a by-word, is probably below the requirements of Dr. Doyle's audience. It is the method of the waxworks. He has risen far above it in dealing with matter with which he is really at home. He even rose above it in that other " Memory of the Empire," *Brigadier Gérard*. This new story is on the level of the court scenes in *The Refugees*.

GODS AND THEIR MAKERS. By Laurence Housman. New York : John Lane. $1.25.

Reading this, we hit on a fine instance of the injustice and stupidity of classification. The injustice and stupidity were ours. After roughly fitting the book into two or three pigeon-holes with fine-sounding names of distinction, we found that in each of these it looked awkward and faulty. But when logic bade us call it so, we rebelled. For the book was unmistakably a very good book, an extraordinarily good one, however puzzling might be its anthropology, and however often its symbolism might break down under our inquiring tread. As a concession to that serious spirit in which we set about the understanding of a book with so lofty a title, we must say that the thing, weighted by its fitful purposes, does walk lamely here and there, or the eyes of our understanding waver in looking at its course—and that must be Mr. Houseman's fault ; for more eagerly watchful spectators his work could not have had. We have no glimmering, for instance, of the signification of Glu glu, that most objectionable and disgusting little fetish ; or of the meaning of much that took place on the island overpeopled by gods. And the priest's part in the business is hard to understand. Why such resentment at the destruction of so very unorthodox a deity as was Katchywallah ? Mr. Housman may laugh at the denseness of outsiders ; but seeing he has to write for these, he should write more simply ; and if he has a purpose then it had better be a clearer one. Still, here we are owning that ours is the stupidity. But once, at least, we have found him tripping, and that is when he makes Peeti, the typical, primitive youth of the world, exclaim as might some very modern moralist, " Our gods are but the evil that is in us. We die and they take our

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life; as it goes from us, so it comes to them." We have gone beyond our gods; it is a great thought. But Daz should have lived to utter it. Peeti, the warrior, the lover, would never have found it out. Not the Peeti we watched and followed through all the earlier chapters. In the symbolism now and again there is a muddle; and in this instance, for the sake of the thought, a flaw in the art.

But fling aside the thought of art and philosophy and symbols, and there remains—the most unexpected thing in the world to keep company with these—a story of child-life, brave, and fragrant and exquisite. Peeti and Aystah are as alive in body and spirit as any children that shout and scheme and dream in the living world to-day. With their young savage strength and freshness, their audacity and their devotion, the boy's fearless ingenuity, the girl's quick loyalty, they take a lasting hold of our hearts. Savages they are, but they are of to-day too. At least, yesterday's generation must laugh aloud as at a personal recollection when they read of Aystah's forced tribute of teeth to the great god Katchywallah, ordered by the god's high priest, Peeti, her true comrade and her sovereign tyrant. The tenderness and the humour are so genuine and so strong, that they have kept at a far distance anything approaching sentimentality—the bane of books that would reveal the minds of children. So we confess—is Mr. Housman disappointed?—that, after much puzzling and some dissatisfaction at ourselves and at him, we gave up thinking of his book as a serious one. And having done so, we crowned it with heartiest liking for its rare charm and its rarer originality. This for its prose. The snatches of songs as chapter-headings show the author's versatility and vigour as poet to be greater than we had ever guessed.

THE THIRD VIOLET. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

This is an idyll, and it is written for the most part in slang, and in the elliptical and vituperative language in vogue to-day among young persons on the best of terms with one another. Yet it is an idyll, and a very pretty one. The third violet is a shyly insistent token of love from a girl, who is an heiress, to a young painter—poor, humbly born, hopeless of winning her, yet not meek enough to accept rejection gracefully. His manner of wooing, if wooing it can be called, is ferocious, though he is evidently a well-disposed young fellow. We like him, and follow the troubles of his heart, and watch the wounds to his pride with sympathy to the end; though when Miss Fanhall made such generous opportunities for him, we could shake him for his ungraciousness. But then Mr. Crane presents us to his home and his art circle, neither of them schools of fine manners exactly, though both honest and friendly, and each in their way much to our liking. By the by, there is a Trilby in the tale—this time Florinda, with fine arms instead of feet; and there are a troop of Trilby—that is, Florinda—admirers. But we foretell no boom for *The Third Violet* on their account, though they are as living as their notorious predecessors—a good deal more so, in fact. The staging is not so well adapted to popular taste; there is no mesmeric villain in the piece; and for tragedy, Florinda only goes back to her high and lonely flat with a very sore heart. In *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Maggie* there is an intenser force; but in this slighter effort we feel the same directness, the same true reading of the workings of the mind, the same contempt for conventions and clap-trap sentiment.

THE JESSAMY BRIDE. By F. Frankfort Moore. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

A novel in praise of the most lovable of men of letters, not even excepting Charles Lamb, must be welcome, though in it the romance of Goldsmith's life may be made a little too much of for strict truth. Says Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith*, speaking of Mary Horneck, the "Jessamy Bride,"

"She exerted strange fascination over Goldsmith. Heaven knows what impossible dreams may at times have visited the awkward, unattractive man of letters! And here perhaps it will be right to observe, since the foregoing hint, thrown out in my first edition, may have led to the error, that its suggestion has been much too freely expanded into an ascertained fact by a very agreeable writer, Mr. Washington Irving, who has proceeded to instal the 'Jessamy Bride' in all the honours of a complete conquest of Goldsmith."

Mr. Moore makes more emphatic use of the suggestion than did Irving; and—well, if it isn't quite true, it makes a very pathetic and sympathetic story; though we must say that the scenes descriptive of the poet's intercourse with the members of the famous Johnson coterie are far stronger and vivider than those which tell of his elder-brotherly, self-sacrificing affection for Mary Horneck. Mr. Moore has the history of the time and of the special circle at his fingers-ends. He has lived in its atmosphere, and his transcripts are full of vivacity. Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, and the rest, cannot be said, in the conventional phrase, to live again in these pages, for the truth is they have never died. But they are neither mummies nor dummies. Writing the book has been an opportunity for Mr. Moore to pay off some old grudges; and, for ourselves, we pick no quarrel with his selection of victims. Mr. Leach should vindicate Boswell; and as for Johnson, he has so many friends; his memory must sometimes pay for the insolence that was too meekly borne in his bullying presence; and then the blows here are not malevolent. *The Jessamy Bride* is a very good story, and Mr. Moore has never written anything else so chivalrous to man or woman.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF. By James Fenimore Cooper. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Walter Lee Brown. Evanston, Ill.: The Golden-Booke Press. $1.75.

Apparently the only reason for reprinting this extinct novel of Cooper's is that it has not been included in the regular editions of his works. Cooper's biographer, Professor Lounsbury, says that this has happened "for some reason not easy to explain." Perhaps it would be still harder to tell why two or three other specimens of Cooper at his worst, of which this book is one, were ever printed at all; and how the hand that wrote so tellingly of the forest and the sea could go so hopelessly astray in depicting civilised society is possibly the most perplexing question of all. The pocket-handkerchief, wrought by a French girl of noble birth,

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tells of its own adventures, first in France, and then in a coterie of the New York new-rich, who display a vulgar stupidity which should make us glad to hail Mr. Jefferson Brick, by comparison, as a friend and brother. The seriousness with which the editor of this volume has performed his task is worthy of an annotator upon the Four Gospels. He has carefully collated the texts of the three known editions of the tale and Cooper's original manuscript, to which he has had access, and gives us every variation of phase and spelling discoverable throughout the book. But truth to tell, one does not care a fig whether Cooper preferred "the purse was emptied and the reticule rummaged," or "*was* rummaged," and if this is the Evanston idea of a "Golden Booke," it is little wonder that the silver sentiment is so strong in the West.

MERE SENTIMENT. By A. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

MIDDLE GRAYNESS. By A. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

There is a kind of man whose face, in the end, is generally a study, in neutral tints, of haggard suffering, and a kind of woman with blue-black hair and the beauty of a golden eyed panther, whose presence Mr. Dawson can make one vividly feel. The mere sentiment which is promised the reader in the lesser volume, appears, perhaps, where Jasmine's skin is described as having "the damp freshness of a custard-apple that has been plucked soon after dawn," and, again, when "She came in, and the room became beautiful, because prettiness was not of her." The Australian sketches which largely compose this volume have, in diffusion and unrestraint, some of the qualities of Mr. Kipling's Indian sketches. They are more forceful, though no less sombre and tragic than *Middle Grayness*, which sacrifices motives to symmetry, and impresses one as having been written in widely varying moods, to the detriment of its characterisation. In the latter, one gravitates from Fleet Street and the Odalisque to the great Australian bush. By far the better part of the reader's time is spent in Warroo Gully, in the township of Wydah. There he lives in a humpy built gunyah-wise of stringy bark (which, despite its frequent mention, has a charm that "slippery elm" could never possess), about which 'guanas slither and jackasses cackle in the treetops. This is more cheerful than accepting the black and white and gray of the author's portraiture, although, if these were not so insistently dwelt upon, the story might with some truth be called a delineation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in the second generation, the black streak prevailing in one son and the white in the other. Rather than follow the geometrical lines of the plot, or comment upon the sweet love story inwoven into it, we will dilate upon Mr. Dawson's method and style. Having decided on an obviously mechanical framework, he nearly shatters it with his spasmodic zest and trowelfuls of colour. His dialogues are minds turned wrong side out, which "talk like a book." His descriptions are overwhelmingly gorgeous. And when he hits on a touch that pleases him, like the black streak, or the gray hour, or the quiet cynical laugh, he plays it for more than it is worth. The note of suggestion (however "suggestive" his stories are, in the broad and unartistic sense) is a device as yet unknown to Mr. Dawson, although his Trottie claimed that "one understands some things without words." Beneath the author's rhetoric, however, there is vigour. He has a grip on sensuous, throbbing life. He is a man of his age.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

If Miss Corelli would go into artistic training, she should emerge a Mrs. Deland. Art requires that the radical shall not be a propagandist. Each of the four short stories, entitled *The Wisdom of Fools*, is surcharged with restlessness, intense fervour, and the spirit of revolt, but in no one of them does Mrs. Deland attempt in any wise to solve the problem she propounds; and she is far too good a writer to indulge in diatribes by the way. The clergyman who just before marriage confessed to his *fiancée*, that twenty-three years ago he had committed forgery, was, as the vestryman said, either a fool or a saint; and the reader is invited to agree with the warden, who replied, "I'll be hanged if I know." The manufacturer's sister, who applied for a position as saleslady rather than accept money "wrung from the strikers" to support herself and her children, became, it is true, the wife of a respecting clergyman, but because of the moderate inevitableness of the situation there is no doctrine promulgated. "Counting the Cost," the third story, is more obtrusively non-committal, and one wishes that the college girl might have been stranded less forlornly in her humble South Bend home. The last story, which deals firmly with a necessarily delicate theme, leaves one unconvinced but that by warmer and less drastic means Nellie Sherman might have been diverted, if not reclaimed, from her listless downward course. Mrs. Deland is not averse to peppering her dialogue with plenty of Puritanic cant and priggishness. Whatever may be the extent of her own unsettled opinions, she manages through the medium of her characters to keep the reader continually on pins and needles. We wish that she could impart more geniality and picturesqueness to her stories, and if she must occasionally have her tilt at a "problem," that she would so far risk a working hypothesis toward its solution as not to leave her people so horribly in the toils. As it is, she does kick up an awful dust, which is not laid by any sprinkling that we know of.

SAINT EVA. By Amelia Pain. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Maids have been struck by lightning from time to time, and tears have bathed them, but not for love. That Mrs. Pain should so have enlisted our reverence for the purity and spirituality of her heroine that we do not rebel when the elements conspire to take her off, is not the least of her achievements in a book of uncommon and diverse merits. In life Eva oscillated uncomfortably between her mother, who objected to her lute as a "sad-sounding old thing," and by way of grace said, "For

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what we are going to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful—cold beef or kidneys?" and her aunt, who preferred to be called "Molly," and had a way of asking vital, personal questions while she was powdering her face to a coolness suggestive of an uncooked chicken. When Eva was for any considerable time with Mrs. Druce she got thin, and lost the hang of her skirts and the set of her hat. Molly, however, encouraged her to wear straight-hanging bluish garments with a shining girdle that comported with her Burne-Jones type of beauty. It is not surprising that Seaford, with an eye-satisfying ease born of just proportions and a great self-possession, fell in love with her lute and hair, and that he afterward abandoned her for politics and a Miss Wellingham, who moved with the lazy, thoroughbred deliberation of a swan, and had the "skin of an infant (and of the unintellectual)." Of over-refined phrases there is no abatement through three hundred pages. But when all her strainings after subtlety and lapses into unreality have been duly collated and exhibited, there remains enough that is truly fine to please the most delicate palate. The novel abounds with bright gossip and riverside recreation, and has recourse to Italy when the Thames is exhausted socially.

FOR THE WHITE ROSE OF ARNO. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Again the author of *Battlement and Tower* comes with an historical romance, now portraying the times of the Pretender. But, while this work also resounds with the roll of drums and the clash of arms, it lacks the spirit and the reality of the other, "the flying hoofs pounding down the road" seeming to echo from a long distance. The story running through the muffled roar of conflict has neither the strength that binds *Battlement and Tower* together with firmness though without art, nor the interest of the buried treasure which gives *The Jewel of Ynez Galon* its romantic charm. Many a lover in fiction has seen his sweetheart kiss an unknown man who turns out to be her brother; so that the incident used pivotally seems rather to creak in the turning, and the promptness with which the villain uses the misunderstanding to his own advantage belongs to the stereotyped resources of the novelist of a certain school. The scene wherein the man disguised as a woman betrays himself by the manner in which he catches something in his lap is a poor, pale reflection of a similar situation in a great novel. Yet notwithstanding its structural weakness the work is not without its admirable points. The tone is elevated; there is much fine feeling, and indeed the impression of the story as a whole is that it is better conceived than written. It is full of charming detached bits:

"A woman's politics are the man she loves. What will it profit me who sits on the throne if I lose you in the deciding? All my defeat would be to lose you; all my victory to have you. . . . Love is a woman's country, faith, and king. It would be high treason and rank rebellion in her if she defied her love and did let any other promise come between. But with a man, next after his faith in God, comes his duty to his country. . . . A mon con do naught wi' a woman unless he 's i' love wi' her, an' then he con do aught he will—if he is a mon—for if hoo 's i' love wi' him 'i return hoo 'll do it for love, an' if hoo 's not, then hoo 'll do it for pity."

A PINCHBECK GODDESS. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Had the author been a little more confidential with the reader the story would have been much more successful. The unnecessary mystery concerning the identity of the two women mentioned in the opening chapters not only adds nothing to the interest of the plot, but renders the whole book a bewildering muddle from the beginning to the end. If, after the moving description of the trials and embarrassments of an unmarried woman, who is no longer a girl, there were the merest hint that she had decided to seek freedom and happiness by masquerading as a widow, the story would at once assume the meaning which it now lacks. As it is, the missing link leaves the reader wondering through two hundred and fifty pages what on earth Winnie Edwards has to do with Madeline Norton, who disappears with the close of the first chapter, and is not heard of again until the last. There is not the slightest intimation that the second woman, the dashing widow with dyed hair and painted face, is a butterfly which has suddenly bloomed from that dun-coloured grub, the elderly maiden, without any intermediate stage of wifehood; and, in the absence of any explanation, the "widow" and her career seem too familiar to justify such a minute portrayal. If, on the other hand, the meaning of the story were made apparent, it would be found to be a clever and original conceit. For while there has always been a partial recognition of the disadvantages under which the unmarried woman of uncertain age labors, and there has always been an imperfect sympathy with the pangs which she is rightly or wrongly assumed to suffer, fiction has not heretofore handled the subject effectively. Mrs. Fleming touches it with complete respect, and even with a good deal of feeling. Yet her work has a marked element of humour, and an occasional passage has the genuine Kipling ring, as when she speaks of the woman who "belonged to the justly maligned portion of humanity that will do anything for a present friend and instantly forget an absent one, incurring thereby the contempt of the larger portion that does nothing for friends either near or far." It is hardly probable, however, that these bright bits would have been sufficient in themselves to lift the work into attention without the name of the master of contemporary fiction to conjure with. At any rate, it is to be hoped that with the next edition an explanatory note may serve as a lamp to the reader's feet.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SKETCHES AWHEEL IN MODERN IBERIA. By Fanny B. Workman and William H. Workman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

We have had several recent volumes of travel in Spain, but this one is written from a fresh point of view—Spain as seen from the bicycle. Mr. and Mrs. Workman made a tour through "modern Iberia" in the spring and summer of 1895, and as their route lay very often through mountainous regions, a good deal of walking and pushing was done as well as riding, and their entertaining pages of chronicle based upon observations and experiences, awheel and afoot, partake of this delightful spirit of leisurely roaming. These sketches make up no common guide-book, nor do they insult the page with the fatuous smirk and smile of the travelling egotist. It is the agreeable rambling of the human mind, flitting as conscienceless from one subject to another as the butterfly in its gay, careening flight. The purpose of these cycling authors has been to give their own impressions of what they saw of "the nature, people, and art of Spain on a trip of a kind that offered some experiences not usually met with in the ordinary mode of travel. At the same time, an intelligent bicyclist will find considerable information that might prove useful were he to make a similar journey." A valuable adjunct to this is the map of Spain affixed to the book with a tracing of the route followed by the authors on their wheels.

This book is a triumph in its way. We suppose the prime element that goes to make a successful traveller, one at least who would live to record his peregrinations, to be an inexhaustible fund of good nature. Now think of the hardships, the incessant vexations of riding a bicycle through a country where "puncture of the tires by nails and thorns, or more often by the sharp, strong needles of a variety of thistle . . . was a matter of almost daily occurrence; sometimes this happened two or three times in a day"—then note the height of sublime indifference reached in the corollary to all this: "The delays thus caused often afforded opportunities of studying the people"! To be sure, the conjugal felicity in which these two travelled, and which is further exemplified in this book, whereupon husband and wife have inscribed a double dedication in token of the unity in which they dwelt, may have helped them to a superior demeanour. Yet we must confess that on that rainy afternoon when "a tire collapsed" we should have felt on the level of a common humanity with them had they just sworn a little, instead of being told that it added to their "holiday hilarity." The book has a picturesque cover, some pretty illustrations, and is nicely printed.

THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

The present reviewer has laid this little volume beside his copy of Mr. Burroughs's *A Year in the Fields*, collated and published last autumn. That denotes its place in the memory of our printed impressions of Nature. Like Mr. Burroughs's book, Colonel Higginson's is a selection of nature-sketches detached from other essays, and wrought with a new design. There are half a dozen of them: "The Procession of the Flowers," "April Days," "Water-Lilies," "My Out-Door Study," "The Life of Birds," and "A Moonglade." To this is added an index of plants and animals mentioned in these discursive papers on out-of-doors.

The best qualities of Colonel Higginson's mind are exemplified in the compressed quintessence of these sweet earth-smelling pages—pages saturated, as it were, with the fragrant moisture that all green things distil after a day of rain. Or, to use a figure of his own, his leaves, like those other leaves of the water-lily, are not merely "christened with dewdrops, but are baptised by immersion all the time"—an immersion that suffuses all his work with a beauty that is full of sweet suggestions, thoughts that come home like doves to their windows; quiet, restful, healthful thoughts

> "That for themselves a cooling covert make
> 'Gainst the hot season."

Poetic beauty, tranquillity of thought and emotion, sensitive perceptiveness, based on a close, loving observation of Nature, and bathed in an atmosphere of love for sentient and growing things, "an inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it," such as Wilkie Collins lacked, these are the humanising and alluring elements which Colonel Higginson has fused into literature—"literature," as he puts it, which "learns from Nature the use of materials: either to select only the choicest and rarest, or to transmute coarse to fine by skill in using." And it is this close companionship with Nature, sweet, refining, dignifying, that gives to these communings with Nature and Nature's God something of that noble simplicity which made the lake country, a century ago, an enchanted land forever, and which makes *The Procession of the Flowers* keep a quiet bower for us, and wreathes

> "A flowery band to bind us to the earth."

One reader wishes to return thanks for the pleasure and profit found in these sun-pictures of our great green caravanserai.

A VINTAGE OF VERSE. By Clarence Urmy. San Francisco: William Doxey. $1.25.

Mr. Urmy's dedication of this collection of his verses "To Mabel" with a verse from Sidney Lanier predisposed us at once to like his own vintage. The lines are worth quoting:

> "So one in heart and thought, I trow,
> That thou mightst press the strings and
> I might draw the bow,
> And both would meet in music sweet,
> Thou and I, I trow."

Mr. Urmy beckoned out of doors, and we followed him gladly. "Put your hand upon the oar," says Charon, in the old play, to Bacchus, "and you shall hear the sweetest songs." We have sung the "Boatman's Song," listened to the Dreamer in "Dream Voices":

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"O the songs beyond his grasping,
Heard beneath the mellow moon!"

We have stood with the poet "O'erlooking the Sea," gazing

"Across a reach of firs and bays
And redwoods tall with moss o'ergrown,
Filling the cañons dark and lone,
To where across the silver sea
The silver moon looks wistfully."

Laughter and song, joyous and free, have rung in our ears wherever we have passed with the singer of "The Golden Gate." And always we have felt on our heated brow, sweat-begrimed by the city's strife, and in our nostrils the freshening air and fragrance of the land of flowers and sunshine. Now and again a tinge of melancholy, a fleeting memory of pain reminds us that it is a Dance of the Hours, but for the most part the warmth and light of the sun sparkle in the glad wine of life pressed from the poet's vintage. Life, Death, and Memory are the three ghosts, he says, which haunt the heart, but under the spell of his weaving they are powerless to harm or frighten us. Life laughs with an almost pagan light-heartedness; Death appears as a Golden Gate to larger life; and Memory has no lurking tragedy—

"No ghastly face nor dying moan
Disturbs my rest."

And wherefore not? We shall laugh and sing and dream joyously or pensively as the mood comes with Mr. Urmy; and when the night of gloom overtakes us, and sorrow and strife and failure fall upon us, we shall turn to those who will mourn with us, and who will speak words of comfort to us, and help us to bear the burden of the mystery of the weary and unintelligible world.

For the rest, *A Vintage of Verse* is simple, unpretentious, unambitious. The poet has sung his songs, to please his own fancy, and they have been wafted across the continent to light whithersoever they may, telling of a spirit attuned to the sweet harmonies of Nature. His "Poet's Epitaph" might be true of the joy he has found in his own art:

"A life with day-dreams and night visions fraught;—
But oh, the good these dreams and visions wrought!"

The little book is very tastefully bound and printed.

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE, including Illustrative Selections, with Notes. By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D. Boston, New York, Chicago: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

For several years past it has been a barren six-month which has not produced a text-book of American literature. It is as if we had discovered, like Mr. Jourdain, that we have been uttering prose these forty years without knowing it, with the difference that there has also been verse. Now there is no excuse for the schoolboy or collegian who is ignorant of his national literature, whether it really deserves that name or is to be called the American branch of English literature. The new book which Professor Painter puts into the hands of teachers divides our literary achievements into well-defined periods, and gives an adequate account of the life and work of sixteen of the most prominent writers, with judicious selections from their books. In the copious lists of less conspicuous names it is to be noted that Rose Terry Cooke is supposed to be still in the flesh, and that Margaret J. Preston stands alone in the absence of dates of birth and death, to both of which we believe she is entitled. But the slips are few and slight, and if the biographical sketches are done in a somewhat workaday manner, it is a workaday book, for instruction and not for pleasure, in which they appear. Perhaps a keener insight and a deeper research might not have been employed in vain; but good sense characterises the entire work, and it is easy to conceive a field of distinct usefulness for it.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The third volume of the new edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is now ready, and will be followed shortly by the remaining four volumes. Professor Bury's careful and scholarly notes and appendices continue to give this edition a superior value over former editions. It is published by the Macmillan Company at $2.00 per volume. Two more volumes have been published by this firm of the new translations of Balzac, under the editorship of Professor Saintsbury. They are entitled *The Lily of the Valley* and *Lost Illusions*, and each volume contains three etchings. (Price, $1.50 per volume.)——The Messrs. Harper have issued a new illustrated edition of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Of all Mrs. Craik's stories *John Halifax* has been the most widely read, and we find a French critic like Amiel giving up several pages of his *Journal Intime* to a disquisition on its merits and impressions. The book is bound in pale blue buckram, with gilt top and uncut edges, but the paper, though very fine and taking a clear impression from the new plates, is unfortunately very heavy, and makes the book unnecessarily weighty and bulky. (Price, $1.75.)——*The Story of Extinct Civilisations of the East*, by Robert E. Anderson, is the latest addition to the Messrs. Appleton's Library of Useful Stories. There are several maps and illustrations and an index, which is most commendable in a book of this class. (Price, 40 cents.)——From Messrs. Eaton and Mains we have received a book on *Ulysses S. Grant*, which is based on conversations and unpublished letters. It is written by Dr. M. J. Cramer, who married into the Grant family, and was therefore privileged to enjoy a large and close acquaintance with General Grant. This little monograph, with its fresh and peculiarly valuable data, cannot fail to interest and inform its readers on a subject of national and historical importance. (Price, 90 cents.)

In two very substantial volumes, in their Out-of-Door Library, the Messrs. Scribner have collected a series of papers which first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* under the titles *Mountain Climbing* and *Athletic Sports*. Since the appearance of these papers serially in the magazine, where they attracted a good deal of attention, the authors have carefully revised and in some instances expanded their work, and their inclusion in book form should give a new value and fresh currency to them. They are profusely illustrated and beautifully printed.

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Among the writers on athletics are Dr. D. A. Sargent, Dr. J. West Roosevelt, Duffield Osborne, Edward S. Martin, and on mountain climbing Edward L. Wilson, A. F. Jaccaci, and Sir W. M. Conway. (Price, $1.50 per volume.) The same firm has recently published a new and revised edition of Sidney Lanier's *The English Novel*, which is only second in importance to his invaluable work, *The Science of English Verse*, of which *The English Novel* was a continuation in that "comprehensive philosophy of formal and substantial beauty," which the author had conceived, but did not live to develop. We welcome this new edition; no student who wishes to ascertain a true comprehension of the growth of personality in literature can afford to overlook it. It is with interest that we learn that the author's own name for the course of lectures of which the book is composed was "From Æschylus to George Eliot, the Development of Personality." It is a book to read and re-read. (Price, $2.00.)——*Thackeray's Haunts and Homes*, with illustrations from sketches by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., is also published by the Scribners ($1.50 net). Only a limited number of this delightful volume of pen and pencil sketches of Thackerayana printed from type at the De Vinne press have been issued for circulation.——Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have just published a new edition of *A Handbook of English Literature*, revised and brought up to date by W. Hall Griffin, of Queen's College, London. This manual was originally compiled in 1874 by Mr. Austin Dobson; since then a second edition was called for in 1880, and, the book having gone out of print in the mean time, it was resolved in 1895 to extend its scope and increase its utility as a work of reference. "It is designed to give a concise and, as a rule, chronological record of the principal English authors, noting the leading characteristics of their productions, and, where necessary, the prominent events of their lives. Its primary object is to assist those whose time and opportunities are restricted. . . . The compiler has endeavoured, as far as it goes, to render it exact in detail and particulars, and to make it, if possible, better than the engagement of his title-page."

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, June 1, 1897.

Publications, for this time of year, continue to be very numerous, the approach of summer seeming to be no obstruction to the output. Fiction and miscellaneous subjects are about equally divided as to the number of titles, but the sales of the former far exceed those of the latter.

In fiction the most important of the month's publications have been *Soldiers of Fortune*, by Richard Harding Davis; *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen, and *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*, by John Kendrick Bangs. These have already reached a considerable sale. In addition may be mentioned *In the Tide Way*, by Flora Annie Steel; *The Third Violet*, by Stephen Crane; *Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green*, by Jerome K. Jerome, and *The Romance of a Jesuit Mission*, by M. Bourchier Sanford.

On miscellaneous subjects there has been nothing likely to be in great demand, but *An Epistle to Posterity*, by Mrs. John Sherwood; *General Grant*, by James G. Wilson, and *The Bible: Its Meaning and Supremacy*, by F. W. Farrar, are of interest. Several books of poems have appeared, including *English Lyric Poetry, 1500–1700*, by Frederick Ives Carpenter; *In Titian's Garden*, by Harriet P. Spofford, and *In Which Hearts Lead*, by J. Lenord Merrill.

Outdoor works are represented by *Athletic Sports*, in the Out of Door Library, *Practical Training for Athletics, Health and Pleasure*, by Randolph Faries; *Bird-Life*, by Frank M. Chapman; *Flowers of Field, Hill and Swamp*, by Caroline A. Creevey, and *In Brook and Bayou*, by Clara K. Bayliss.

The Riverside Paper Series has been materially enlarged by the issue of a number of additional titles, the best selling being *The Burglar Who Moved Paradise*, by Herbert D. Ward. Other paper-bound books in demand are *Into an Unknown World*, by John Strange Winter, and *A Beautiful White Devil*, by Guy Boothby.

That preparations for the autumn season are under way is already indicated by the showing of samples of several new editions of twelvemos. The absence of the very cheap qualities is noticeable, those shown being of a substantial and attractive style, offered at moderate prices.

Quo Vadis continues its remarkable sale, while of more recent publications, *The Green Book*, *Ziska*, *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, and *The Massarenes* are still among the leaders. *Farthest North*, *Forty Years in India*, *In Joyful Russia*, and *Wild Norway* are works of travel selling readily.

Often the death of a prominent person will cause the publication and demand for his biography. Just at present we are having the same result from the longevity and extended reign of Queen Victoria. *The Personal Life of Queen Victoria*, by Sarah A. Tooley, is already published, and others are announced.

The publication of a cheap edition of *A Prince of the House of David* is a practical announcement of the early expiration of its copyright. This has become the customary way of securing the sale of a cheap edition of a popular book likely to be made by numerous parties when the copyright expires.

Trade for the month has been fair on the

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whole ; library business has continued remarkably good ; complaints of dull trade are still heard, but a general steadiness indicates a certain amount of activity likely to increase with the first signs of the promised good times. The following is a list of the best selling books during the month, in their order of popularity :

Quo Vadis. By Henry Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Annie Steel. $1.50
The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
The Honourable Peter Sterling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.
The Triumph of Death. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. $1.50.
A Story-Teller's Pack. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.
The Burglar who Moved Paradise. By Herbert D. Ward. Paper, 50 cents ; cloth, $1.25.
The Green Book. By Maurus Jókai. $1.50.
Ziska. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne. $1.50.
The Massarenes. By "Ouida." $1.25.
On the Red Staircase. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1897.

Sales for May were steady, and although on the decline, as must be expected now, compare favourably with the previous year. The call for the newer books was again the most important feature of the month's business, and the demand for miscellaneous literature was also quite brisk. Public libraries are absorbing a great many books, and their orders call for nearly everything that is good in current literature.

Last month sample lines of the twelvemos and sixteenmos, which are to be offered to the trade during the coming season, were on exhibition here. There is very little that is new in the way of novelties this year, and the lines do not differ materially from those of last season, the tendency being to improve them rather than to make new ones. From a manufacturing point of view the books shown are certainly better made in every respect than they ever were before, and as prices are about the same, it would seem that the margin of profit in them for the maker must be exceedingly small. The concerns engaged in this class of business seem to agree in the opinion that books are cheap enough now, and while improvement will be the aim no further effort will be made this year to establish cheaper lines.

The Choir Invisible, by James Lane Allen, was easily first among the books of the month, having sold enormously throughout the West. Judging from the favourable comments one hears, and the warm reception the press has accorded it, it would seem to have attained almost classic rank already.

Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* was nearly if not quite as successful, and large numbers are being sold daily. Formerly books of this calibre would have been held back until the autumn, the impression being then that the publication of a book during the dull season was hazardous to its chances of success, but in these times it does not seem to make much difference at what time of the year a book by a favourite author is published.

Other successful books published during May were J. K. Bangs's *Pursuit of the House Boat ; Pink Marsh*, by George Ade ; *The Missionary Sheriff*, by Octave Thanet, and *In the Tideway*, by Mrs. Steel. The sale of *Farthest North* is keeping up marvellously, and for such an expensive book last month's record was a very good one.

The annual exodus to Europe commenced last month, and the sales of guide-books were correspondingly increased, Baedeker's *London* and *Great Britain* being especially inquired for.

Ornithology is becoming quite a fashionable study in this locality, and Chapman's *Bird-Life* is a notable addition to the literature of the subject.

Among the books published previous to last month *Quo Vadis* again sold best, while the demand was good for *On the Red Staircase*, *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, *Menticulture*, and the others indicated in the following list of the best-selling books of the month.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
On the Red Staircase. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Miss Archer Archer. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25.
The Pursuit of the House Boat. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.
Menticulture. By H. Fletcher. $1.00.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. $1.50.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1.75.
Farthest North. By F. Nansen. 2 vols. $10.00.
Pink Marsh. By George Ade. $1.25.
Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.
The Landlord at Lion's Head. By W. D. Howells. $1.50.
The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 19 to May 22, 1897.

All trades are looking for a share of the money which the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee will cause to circulate, and apparently the bookseller will not be left out. Whether in anticipation of this event or not, trade during

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the past month has been an improvement on that of previous years, even remembering that the school summer term has just commenced. There has certainly been better trade for all classes of literature, but at the time of writing it is falling off again. But for the great number of publications the bookseller would be nearly happy. Orders from abroad continue to arrive in goodly number and volume, although no country calls for special mention. The number of new books and new editions is as great as ever. What a trade would be done if each one justified its existence! Some one has suggested a tax upon new books for keeping down the number. With regard to Jubilee publications, they are, as may be expected, numerous. The issue of the *Life of the Queen*, by the Librarian of Windsor Castle, is looked for with the keenest interest, and subscribers to the *édition de luxe* have in some instances parted with their copies at a considerable premium on the subscription price. Among the smaller publications of this class mention must be made of *The Queen's Resolve*, *The Sixty Years*, and *Our Gracious Queen*, as these seem to be the favourites. Great interest is also shown in the issue of each part of *Sixty Years a Queen*. Large numbers of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund Stamps were sold by the trade, and it is stated that 130,000 were distributed on May 18th, the day of publication.

The 6s. novel is as popular as ever, the leader for the present being *The Sign of the Cross*, by Wilson Barrett. *On the Face of the Waters*, by Flora Annie Steel, is still a great favourite.

Matters nautical are always interesting to the Englishman. Hence the *Life of Nelson*, by A. T. Mahan, is in good demand, a fact that will cause no surprise.

A Popular History of Crete, issued at a price within the reach of all, has, to judge by its sale, met the inquiry for concise and useful information about the island.

The present fashion in titles of novels is a single word which conveys no idea of the nature of the work. What was described as the "mediæval title" a few months back has dropped out entirely. In abler hands a very interesting chapter could be written on this subject.

There is a good trade doing in magazines, as the majority of the leading ones contain articles upon the Queen's reign, and any fresh details are always welcomed. The *Woman at Home* continues to be very popular, other favourites being the *Strand Magazine*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Quiver* and the *Sunday at Home*.

Appended is the list of the books that are now being read, or at least bought. Many of them have been included previously; and it is now gratifying to find that, amid the numbers published, some of the books are likely to be of permanent interest.

The Life of Nelson. By A. T. Mahan. 2 vols. 36s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Under Love's Rule. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
The Whirlpool. By G. Gissing. 6s.
Uncle Bernac. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
Daughters of Thespis. By J. Bickerdyke. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
The Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By H. Garland. 6s.
The Dagger and the Cross. By J. Hatton. 6s.
Cakes and Ale. By E. Spencer. 3s. 6d.
Madame Sans Gêne. By E. Lepelletier. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
A Great Agricultural Estate. By the Duke of Bedford. 6s.
Romance of Lady Burton. 2 vols. 36s.
The Queen's Resolve. By C. Bullock. 1s. 6d.
These Sixty Years. 2s. 6d.
Our Gracious Queen. By Mrs. Walton. 1s.
Cromwell. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
A Popular History of Crete. By J. H. Freese. 1s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1, 1897, and June 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Green Book. By Jókai. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

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2. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Fierceheart Soldier. By Snaith. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Mutable Many. By Barr. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (Stone.)
2. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
3. Trooper Peter Halket. By Schreiner. $1.25. (Roberts Bros.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. King Noanett. Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1 25. (Houghton.)
5. Wisdom of Fools. By Deland. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribner.)
5. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. The Green Book. By Jókai. $1.50. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. On the Red Staircase. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
5. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Green Book. By Jókai. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Landlord at Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. America and the Americans. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Well Beloved. By Hardy. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Etidorhpa. By Lloyd. $2.00. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
6. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribner.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
3. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Prisoners of Conscience. By Barr. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Mutable Many. By Barr. $1.50. (Stokes.)

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DENVER, COL.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone and Kimball.)
3. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Sonny. By Stuart. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Sign of the Cross. By Barrett. 1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. Landlord of Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribner.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Well Beloved. By Hardy. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
4. Trooper Peter Halket. Schreiner. $1.25. (Roberts Bros.)
5. Landlord at Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Flames. By Hichens. $1.50. (H. S. Stone.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.75. (Bliss, Sand & Foster.)
2. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.25. (Hutchison.)
5. Odd. By Author of "Probable Sons." 70 cts. (R. T. S.)
6. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Cap and Gown. Second Series. Selected by Knowles. $1.25. (Page & Co., Incorporated.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Green Book. By Jókai. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scibner.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Master Beggars. By Cornford. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

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5. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Patience Sparhawk. By Atherton. $1.50. (Lane.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1 25. (Appleton.)
4. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribner.)
6. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Pierre and People. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Adventures of North. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Romany Snows. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Patience Sparhawk. By Atherton. $1.50. (John Lane.)
3. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1 25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Lark. Book II. $3.00. (Doxey.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribners.)
4. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton,)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Landlord at Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Mutable Many. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
4. Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. *On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Heinemann.)
2. *Farthest North .By Nansen. $1.50 and $2.00 per set. (Macmillan.)
3. The Mutable Many. By Barr. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. *Lads' Love. By Crockett. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)
5. *The Massarenes. By Ouida. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Sampson, Low & Co.)
6. *Christine of the Hills. By Pemberton $1.25 and paper, 75 cts.. (Dodd, Mead & Co. and Bell & Sons.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Falcon of Langéac. By Whiteley. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
5. Flowers of Field, Hill and Swamp. By Creevey. $2.50. (Harper.)
6. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

* Colonial Editions.

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